The Nation

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The Week

It is not necessary for the *Nation* to say that it thinks President Wilson should have vetoed the Sundry Civil bill, with its vicious "rider." All general legislation tacked upon an appropriation bill is bad in theory and in effect. So clearly was this recognized by the framers of the New York Constitution that they positively forbade "riders" of any kind on appropriation bills. If the law is to be changed, let it be done directly and openly, not by trick or covert methods. And the particular rider on the Sundry Civil bill was peculiarly offensive and dangerous, since, in addition to furtively meddling with the Anti-Trust act, it sought to exempt two classes of citizens from the equal operation of the laws. Mr. Wilson himself frankly declares that this is "unjustifiable in character and principle." He adds that if he could veto this item of the bill by itself he would. In our opinion, he should have used his veto in the only way open to him, sent the whole bill back to Congress as Taft did, and raised the issue sharply before the whole country whether legislation of this kind is to be tolerated under a government that professes to know no favored classes. Not having chosen to do this, he has at least sought to make his position clear before the country. Besides condemning the rider, he declares that it will not prevent the Department of Justice from prosecuting violations of the law "by whomsoever committed." It has funds other than the sum earmarked in the Sundry Civil bill, by the use of which it can "enforce the law"; and the President says that he can "assure the country" that it will be enforced.

In order to remove misconceptions, Chairman Glass has given out a summary of the provisions of the Banking and Currency bill. The measure will have three main purposes—provision of a means for rediscounting commercial paper of specified types; provision of a basis for elastic note issues properly safeguarded, and provision of machinery for doing foreign banking business. This, in itself, is a clear, wise, and simple undertaking; and so far as regards the machinery for rediscount and for doing a foreign banking business, the provisions as outlined are effective. Whether elastic note issues in any proper sense would be provided, is another question. Mr. Glass thus explains:

> Every national bank is allowed to continue its note issue exactly as at present, and, in addition, Federal reserve Treasury notes are authorized to be issued to an amount not exceeding $500,000,000.

The difficulty with our present banknote currency has all along been the fact that it would not expand and contract in response to the needs of trade. But just how would "elasticity" in any proper sense be procured by leaving the $755,000,000 outstanding banknotes exactly in their present status, while throwing into circulation new notes in an amount ranging from $1,000,000 to $500,000,000? Unless our present volume of banknote currency is hopelessly inadequate, this would necessarily be a measure of potential inflation; and it would be so, even if it were absolutely safeguarded by its collateral and its gold reserve, and were taxed with a view to insuring its early redemption.

It is reassuring to learn, from Chairman Glass's statement, that these new notes are to be neither legal tender nor available for bank reserves. But the amount of tax or "interest charge" to be imposed on such additional currency is left discretionary with the national board—a highly questionable provision. The functions and powers proposed for the central Federal Reserve Board appear to be precisely what they were in the earlier draft of the bill. They include the mandatory power of fixing the weekly "bank rate" for the district institutions. Let it be observed that the proposal is not even that a change in the district bank rate, up or down, when voted by the district board, must be ratified by the Federal committee. The decision may originate in the national board, and would be absolutely final. This, and the further provision that the national board may not only "permit" one district central bank to rediscount for another in a different district, but may "require" it to do so, place extraordinary powers in the hands of the Washington commission. That the principle underlying the expedient of a district institution, organized to supervise and rediscount for each section of the country, would be largely impaired by this extreme concentration of plenary power at Washington, is only one of the possible objections. All of the provisions to which we have referred, however, admit of easy improvement or amendment.

On its face, the telegram of resignation sent to President Wilson by District Attorney McNab, of San Francisco, seemed to disclose a highly scandalous situation. The explanation from Washington put the matter in a better light, but still left much to be deplored. Doubtless the Secretary of Labor was, as he says, actuated by a desire to promote the efficient working of his Department when he asked the Attorney-General to postpone the trial of Caminetti until autumn, so that his father, the recently appointed Commissioner-General of Immigration, might have time, before going to California to help in the son's defence, to get sufficiently acquainted with his new duties to be able to combine an inspection of the Pacific Coast immigration stations with that parental concern. But even if it is, as Secretary Wilson says, "nothing unusual to grant a postponement of trial where an immediate trial would seriously inconvenience either party," surely this practice is itself a source of one of the most serious abuses under which our system of criminal justice has so notoriously suffered. No grown man belonging to the poorer and less influential classes of society could dream of getting a four months' postponement of his trial on the plea that he could not get his father to help him with the case any sooner. This younger Caminetti is not a boy, but a married man. He is accused of an outrageous crime; he has the good fortune of being able to command all the legal talent that money can procure; under a law that is no respecter of persons, it is difficult to see any justification for treating him otherwise than as any man under the same accu-

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sation would be treated. This is the view of the matter which the President himself seems to take. His open letter to the Attorney-General, while commending Mr. McReynolds's conduct of the Department, demands that the trial shall be prosecuted immediately and unflinchingly.

The motto of the sugar-growers at Washington seems to have been: "Millions for defence and what's a cent or two more of tribute per pound for the consumer?" Here's a feeble industry battling for its tender young life and pouring out money like water in the process. Pleasant is the lot of a sugar agent at Washington. The salary is generous and expense accounts call for no vouchers. Oral accounting has been the proper thing in the beet-sugar circles. "If an auditing board, as you intimate, is to check you up, some skill will be necessary in extending account items." There was plenty of money for entertaining and favorably impressing susceptible Congressional committees, plenty for supplying the country newspapers with patent insides, plenty for the proposed acquisition of a big Chicago newspaper, body and soul, especially the soul. There is nothing remarkably new about the revelations at Washington. It is another picture of protection squatting beatifically over her tender brood—the manufacturer of the generous hand, the vendible or weak legislator, the lobbyist in his various manifestations as buttonholer, whisperer, convivialist, and distributer of patent insides. If only the money and the energy thus expended had been devoted to the fostering of the sugar industry in the canefields of Louisiana, or the beetfields of Michigan, instead of in the corridors of Congress, how much easier their present state of mind would be!

The Panama Exposition at San Francisco is to set a new fashion in colors, according to *Scribner's Magazine*. The Chicago fair was a white city. The San Francisco fair will be all aglow with rich color. Mr. Jules Guérin, who has charge of this department, has said: "When I went to California to study the problem of color, I saw the vibrant tints of the native wild flowers, the soft browns of the surrounding hills, the gold of the orangeries, the blue of the sea; and I determined that, just as a musician builds his symphony around a motif or chord, so must I strike a chord of color and build my symphony on this. The one point upon which I have insisted is that there shall be no white (save, perhaps, a man visitor's shirt front or a woman's summer frock). The pillars, statues, fountains, masts, walls, and flagpoles that are to contrast with the tinted decorations, are to be of ivory-yellow, rich and soft in tone. I have even personally superintended the dyeing of the bunting for flags and draperies." The rooms of the exhibition buildings will present a pattern of red tiles, golden domes, and copper-green minarets. The roof colors will be reinforced by the rich coloring of intervening courts that will be filled with greenery and gorgeous masses of bloom. Their color scheme also will be under Mr. Guérin's control. "Imagine," says he, "a gigantic Persian rug of soft, melting tones, with brilliant splashes here and there, spread down for a mile or more, and you may get some idea of what the Panama-Pacific Exposition will look like when viewed from the distance, say, of the Sausalito Heights across the Golden Gate."

The inquiry into the Stamford disaster has again brought to the front the question of the relation between labor-unions and that degree of discipline which is essential to safety in railway travel. The appeal made by Mr. Bardo, general manager of the New Haven system, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, based on the difficulties under which the management has labored, cannot be accepted as completely sound, but it has in it some elements that deserve consideration. When Mr. Bardo says that the efforts of the management to bring about a high state of discipline have been frustrated by the demoralization in the force caused by the steady fire of criticism to which the company has so long been subjected, the answer is obvious. Certainly, if the demoralization and other dangerous conditions had not been already in existence, as shown by repeated accidents, the criticisms would not have been made. As for dictation by the unions, it was the business of the company to draw the line, in yielding to such dictation, at the hither side of the point where human life is endangered. This may not be the easiest thing in the world, but it can be done by a management strong enough to be equal to its responsibilities. Nevertheless, the whole matter is one of the factors that seriously affect the question of safety, and it ought to be thoroughly looked into by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

After the Harvard-Yale race the talk was of rival strokes. After the Poughkeepsie regatta the talk was still more than ever of rival coaches. The men who rowed in the boats on the Thames and the Hudson come in for comment only as to the degree of success with which they mechanically applied the coach's ideas. Since 1900 Cornell has won the Poughkeepsie race ten times, confessedly because of Courtney. When Cornell fails to win, Syracuse leads, presumably because of Ten Eyck. Possibly, it is the mere monotony of Cornell victories against which a non-Cornellian rebels, but one sometimes wonders what a boat race would be in which the men were not buried beneath the technique. As a mere novelty, the experiment of a race between coachless crews, trained under an elected captain who himself sits in the boat, would be of interest. This might be applying I. W. W. principles to the highly organized game of rowing, but, like the I. W. W., it would be exciting.

"Prof. James Geddes, of Boston University, red, at the ninth annual meeting of the New England Modern Language Association, a paper entitled 'Oral Instruction in Modern Languages.'" No, dear reader, in spite of a certain want of coherence in the preceding sentence, which makes you pause at this point and read again and wonder, neither the author nor the compositor has sinned. We are quoting from the latest number of the Simplified Spelling Bulletin, and there is no intention to convey the meaning that Professor Geddes is something more than blond, or that he is a member of a red invading army as opposed to a blue defending army. The idea is that he, as most of us would say, "read" a paper at the meeting of the Language Association. When the preterite "read" becomes "red," the question arises how much ver-

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bal complexity will ensue from simplified spelling which adds to our already generous stock of words spelled alike, but diverse in meaning. When "blue" and "blew" have been simplified into "blu," a sentence like "Men with faces pinched from the cold blu, violently, upon their fingers," will cause trouble. It is odd that philology, already on the defensive, should go out of its way to make itself ridiculous.

It is a strange and a painful thing to read that in any city of the United States a school board should refuse to appoint a woman as teacher in the public schools on the express ground of her being a member of the Catholic Church. This is what was done, however, a few days ago, in Charlotte, N. C., when two young women who had been teaching in the schools were, in the face of an extraordinary public protest against the proceeding, refused reëlection by the board, the vote standing ten to five. The Charlotte *Observer* states that both "were rated among the most efficient in the service of the city," and it seems entirely clear that the action of the school board was based solely on the ground of the religious convictions of the two teachers. The demonstration of right feeling at the public meetings, attended by Protestant ministers as well as lawyers and business men, must be set down to the credit of Charlotte; but the people of that city should not rest content until they have brought about a reversal of the official act of intolerance.

About the only things lacking to perfect existence on board the latest ocean liners is a Futurist exhibition of paintings and a Mayoralty campaign; and even these may come in time. Everything else the Imperator apparently has —palm room, swimming tank, roof garden, cabaret, tennis court, and fair opportunities for golf. There are always enough song-artists of good class crossing the ocean to supply the passengers with grand opera free of charge. Wireless has brought the Stock Exchange into every corner of the Atlantic. The Utopia for which mankind has been seeking so long may literally turn out to be a Utopia in the sense of being found on board a ship which is permanently nowhere. The scientific engineer and the expert in municipal efficiency need not step on shore at Southampton or Hamburg. The highest discipline and order are to be found right on board. Seasickness in the future seems destined to be confined to the top of the Singer Tower and the Ferris wheel at Coney Island.

Ex-Secretary Root's words, at the banquet in this city to Dr. Muller, of Brazil, on the duty of international courtesy, deserve the widest application; but there was somewhat especially fitting in their being inspired by an embassy from one of the most polite of nations and races. Americans do not often reflect upon the Anglo-Saxon bluntness and the Western brusqueness that too frequently characterize their attitude towards other peoples. Still less often do they see anything practically valuable in the connection which other countries maintain between public and private courtesy. Yet no better examples exist than Brazil or Argentina, where ideals of good manners have been preserved in rare degree. As Mr. Root said, the assumption by the people of more and more direct powers in government throws upon their shoulders the responsibility for a new generosity of attitude towards other nations. And public courtesy can gain much more than immunity from international friction, or even advantages in commerce. Another distinguished Brazilian, Senhor Aranha, Minister to France, is author of a novel dealing with the interplay of Old and New World forces, which Guglielmo Ferrero calls the greatest American book. One of its theses contrasts the European currents from which South America derives "its unchangeable sensibility, the troubled source of poetry and religion," and all its chief social impulses, with the tiny trickle of North American influence in practical and business affairs; and one of its implied conclusions is the immense predominance—despite the growth of American trade and capital—of European leadership. This is not as it should be.

M. Poincaré's visit to London comes so soon after George V's journey to Berlin that the temptation is natural to interpret the second event as a deliberately planned offset to the first. If the talk of increasing friendliness between Great Britain and the German Empire has been made to mean a loosening of the *entente cordiale*, here is the reply. Actually, it is only absurd to peer into the inner significance of every move by the rulers of the allied, friendly, or hostile nations of Europe. Even royalty makes gestures at times which have no particular significance. The French President's journey is therefore neither a reply nor a threat, though it is undoubtedly intended as an affirmation of Anglo-French friendship, which is now entering on its second decade. Of the change which has come about during the fifteen years since Fashoda we need no better index than that Rudyard Kipling should be writing to-day of Great Britain and France

> Wheeling girth to girth
> In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth.

We are far from the time when the crew of the Clampherdown stood out to sea,

> On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
> As it was in the days of long ago,
> And as it still shall be!

It requires a little effort to recall that only a few years ago one of the most conspicuous and persistent items in the news was the tale of extraordinary increase of pauperism and of unemployment in England. This lasted for perhaps two or three years; and not only was the impression as to the actual extent of the phenomena grossly beyond the truth, but nearly everybody seemed to take it for granted that here was an appalling new difficulty of a deep-seated and permanent character. Among the men who kept their head, we remember, was John Burns, a circumstance of great importance, since he is president of the Local Government Board. Well, the statistical statements on both pauperism and unemployment have now, for two or three years, been steadily quite the reverse of all that we were hearing at the time referred to. In pauperism the latest returns for England and Wales show a total (indoors and out-of-doors) of 17.4 per 1,000 inhabitants, for the month of April, as compared with 18.9 for the corresponding month of last year; while in the same month unemployment among trade-union members was down to 1.7 per cent., which is the best for any month on record, the lowest hitherto recorded having been 1.8 per cent., in November, 1912.

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THE NEW DIPLOMATS.

Counting President Wilson's recent diplomatic nominations as confirmed and accepted, we have to-day no less than five men of letters to represent the United States at European courts. London has W. H. Page. Rome has Thomas Nelson Page. Dr. Van Dyke is appointed to The Hague. Maurice F. Egan, now Minister at Copenhagen, is reputed to be in line for promotion. President Schurman, of Cornell, is our Minister at Athens. Mr. Meredith Nicholson, also, was asked to go to Lisbon. If Mr. Wilson keeps up the pace set by the nomination of four bookmen in a row, the conditions obtaining when Motley, Lowell, John Bigelow, and Andrew D. White were ministers plenipotentiary, and Bret Harte and W. D. Howells combined the pursuit of literature with the performance of consular duties at Glasgow and Venice, will be reproduced in kind if not in degree. None of the new men we have mentioned measures up to Lowell or Motley or even to Harte or Howells, but their number is goodly. And if the Wilson Administration applies the literary standard to the consular service as well as the higher diplomatic posts, the effect on this country may be as beneficial as on our prestige in Europe. Ambassadorships and Legations for successful writers and editors, humbler consular posts for writers who still have to make their way, might render the files of our State Department a treasure-house for the future student of American literature.

If the choice confronting Mr. Wilson were one exclusively between appointing men of great wealth and men who have achieved distinction in a field which at once commends itself as offering very satisfactory preparation for diplomatic office, there would be few people indeed to take issue with the President. Incidentally, the choice of men of moderate wealth whose interests lie in the intellectual domain is one way of dealing with the vexed problem of adequate housing for our Ministers abroad. A scribbling fellow is not expected to keep up the state of a multi-millionaire. Mr. Page, in London, can afford to live much more humbly than his predecessor, without injuring American prestige. It is not display that will be expected from Dr. Van Dyke at The Hague or from Dr. Egan, if he should be translated to one of the important European capitals. There is, of course, the serious danger that Congress may take advantage of this very situation to justify its niggardly behavior. Any old hole is good enough for the intellectual chap. Plain living and high thinking, you know. But for the moment it must be counted as a relief that we can send men abroad who need not blush for the economic straits to which the richest country on earth subjects its foreign representatives.

One serious objection to the appointment of men of the kind Mr. Wilson has selected must not be overlooked. They represent an improvement over the old system. They do not represent an improvement over the system of diplomatic representation that we ought to have. We refer to the placing of the diplomatic service on a professional basis. A beginning in that direction has been made. It would be a pity if it should remain only a beginning. We have spoken before this of the advantages which the assurance of permanency in the service would hold out to men of high ability and training. We have such men now in the persons of Edwin W. Morgan, our Ambassador to Brazil; W. W. Rockwell at Constantinople, John B. Jackson at Bucharest, and an entire group of Latin-American Ministers, Hitt in Nicaragua, White in Honduras, Einstein in Costa Rica, Heineke in Salvador, and Dodge in Panama. If diplomacy is to be made a career, it is plain that the men who look forward towards rising in rank with time have a highly formidable competition to face, whether it be competition from the money bags or from the writers and college professors. Adequate though we find President Wilson's appointments so far, we doubt whether any amount of literary or academic prestige—except in special cases—could outweigh the claims of special training and experience.

But here again it is an actual condition that confronts Mr. Wilson. Our diplomatic system cannot be made over in a day. We take it that men in the service who have expressed the wish to remain and who have done their work well are not in danger of being summarily displaced. The question is whether there are enough such men at present to fill out the lists. As for the highest posts in the service, there will always be occasions when the professional is passed over for the amateur. Even Great Britain did so in the case of Mr. Bryce.

MISSOURI'S QUEER INSURANCE DOINGS.

Missouri is not, just at this moment, particularly happy over the results of her legislative wisdom in the matter of fire insurance. The leading insurance companies of the world refuse to continue doing business in that State, owing to the unreasonable character of recently enacted legislation, and it is found impossible to provide for renewals of expiring policies. Hence merchants are experiencing great difficulty in obtaining credit, the security furnished by their possession of merchandise and other property being impaired for want of insurance facilities; and large Eastern lenders of money are declining to invest in Missouri mortgages for the same reason. The St. Louis *Republic*, referring to the recent big fire at Springfield, Mo., points to the difficulty that confronts the merchants of that town in their endeavor to resume business, declares that "the State owes it to these Springfield merchants and property owners to put an end summarily to an intolerable state of things," and calls on the State officials for "action which shall make possible once more in Missouri that protection to homes, factories, stocks of goods, and other inflammable property without which credit is dried up and modern business activities impossible."

If, in undergoing these troubles, the State of Missouri could cherish the consciousness that it was suffering for faithfully upholding some high principle, this might be ample compensation for any loss her people should sustain. But an examination of the case compels one to the conclusion that her position is hardly more respectable than that of the famous gentleman in Sam Weller's story who blew out his brains to demonstrate the great principle that "crumpets is wholesome." The Missouri politicians, or, for aught we know, the Missouri business men, seem to have got it firmly fixed in their heads some time ago that the insurance companies must be forced to submit to very severe legislation. Just what that should be, they did not seem to think made much dif-

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ference; only it must be something very stringent. The insurance companies had, up to 1911, been subject, like any other corporations or individuals, to the State's general Anti-Trust law; in that year an act was passed which took them out of the operation of this law, and required the companies to file rates with the Superintendent of Insurance, his approval of them as just and reasonable being necessary; in other words, State regulation of rates was substituted for competition. In the present year that policy was reversed, and the companies were again put under the operation of an Anti-Trust law; not, however, the general Anti-Trust law, but a special one relating expressly to insurance. Of this, the crowning feature was the following section:

> In any proceeding against or prosecution of any insurance company under the provisions of this article, it shall be *prima facie* evidence that such a company is a member of a pool, Trust, agreement, confederation, or understanding to control, effect, or fix the price or premium to be paid for insuring property against loss or damage by fire, lightning, or storm, if it be shown that such company or any agent or representative thereof writing insurance has used any insurance rate, or made use of or consulted any ratebook, paper, or card containing an insurance rate, prepared, published, kept, or furnished by any person, association, or persons or bureau employed by, representing or acting on behalf of, any other insurance company or association in and about the making and publishing of insurance rates for use in any portion of this State.

The companies had been content to do business under the Anti-Trust law, or to do business under the State-regulation plan; but at this preposterous enactment they balked. They took counsel together, and promptly concluded that they would cease to write insurance in Missouri so long as they were placed under the operation of a statute which flew in the face of the most elementary facts of any business, and particularly of the insurance business. And now the State of Missouri has for some time been engaged in the extraordinary task of trying to compel the companies to continue in business against their will, by force of legal proceedings. The legal points that have come up in the suit are highly interesting, but the interest of the purely legal side of the matter is, for the layman, altogether overshadowed by what can hardly fail to strike him as the plain horse-sense of the matter. The argument turns, in the main, on two things—the question whether, in point of fact, the provision above quoted from the law is outrageous and oppressive; and the question whether, in any case, the companies have a right to decide for themselves whether they shall continue to do business in Missouri or not.

The second point is more narrowly legal than the first, though the obvious elements of the nature of all business seem almost conclusive as to the absurdity of compelling a person to carry on a business he has no desire to continue; but there is the further question of the lawfulness of a concerted decision to give up business, and this does give room for reasonable dispute. The first point, however, is of an interest far wider than this matter between Missouri and the companies. The preposterousness of the ban placed upon the slightest approach to any mental contact between one competitor and another may, indeed, well serve as a *reductio ad absurdum* of that view of the Sherman Anti-Trust act for which some Spartan statesmen have clamored: the view that it was to be interpreted absolutely, and with no reference to what the Supreme Court has denominated "the rule of reason." As is stated in the brief for the companies, "this law prohibits to insurance companies what is not prohibited in any other kind of business, and what is essential to intelligent competition, knowledge obtained by fair means of the terms on which their competitors are doing business." If some legal satirist had wished to draw up a burlesque statute to show what was the logical consequence of the fanatical view of the Sherman act, he could hardly have done better than to produce this Missouri enactment; and the fact that the Legislature of a great State could put it on the statute books in sober earnest is proof of the fearful and wonderful things of which our lawmaking is capable.

SENSITIVENESS ABOUT CORRUPTION.

In the charges against English Ministers, now threshing out in the House of Commons, there is much more than a party matter. An attempt has, indeed, been made to get party capital out of the affair. Political human nature being what it is, the Conservatives were certain to use the scandal for all it was worth—and a good deal more. But behind all the rumors and recriminations and public agitation, there has existed a wholesome sentiment. It is that the smell of corruption must never be found on the garments of members of the Government. No suspicion of private interest swaying their public acts can be tolerated. It was not always so in England. Merely to mention the names of Bacon and Marlborough is enough to remind the reader what went on "in the good old days." But for two generations, at least, the tradition of the complete integrity of English Ministers, and their entire incorruptibility, has been firmly established. And it has been one of the most precious possessions of English public life. If it had been tarnished by any members of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, they could not too soon be exposed or too severely held up to general reprobation. By so much, at any rate, there was a proper motive in the Parliamentary inquiry now brought to a close.

A satisfactory ending seems to be arrived at. The original charge of what amounted to gross personal corruption against Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George has been withdrawn. They were accused of having speculated in the shares of a company with which a Government contract was at the time pending. In plain language, they were said to have used their official knowledge in order to fill their private purse. But all this is now abandoned. The Chesterton suit for libel showed that not a scrap of legal evidence could be brought into court to sustain the public allegations of fraud or official connivance in the matter of the Marconi contract. All such imputations are left out of the minority report. The most it alleges is that Ministers of the Crown broke the rule against having any financial dealings with a man or a company holding a contract with the Government. But on this point the statements of the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are such as to disarm their opponents. Asserting their innocence of intent, they admit the indiscretion. Especially do they confess their grievous error in not making a clean breast of the whole affair when it was first brought up in the House. That was, indeed, an act so incredibly short-sighted as to fall into the category of

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things worse than crimes; and the suffering which it brought on Sir Rufus Isaacs and Lloyd George one can only say that they richly deserved. But now they are making the fullest amends within their power, and are doing it in the handsomest manner.

This latter aspect of the whole matter is noteworthy. The two Ministers, partly through their own folly, were placed in a cruel position. Yet never for a moment did they seek to brazen it out. They bared their breasts to the fullest inquiry. They voluntarily turned over to the committee their bank accounts, and every shred of private information bearing on the charges. Their one desire was to have all the facts brought out; and when the report was at last laid before the House, clearing them of the loose and foul accusations, they used the occasion not for vainglorious boastings or partisan taunts, but for serious speeches on the absolute importance of keeping public life pure. Their frank confession of extreme carelessness, and their expressions of regret for not having at the earliest moment taken the House into their confidence, fittingly closed their treatment of the affair.

This unhappy incident in England has recently had its counterpart in Hungary and in Italy. The Hungarian Prime Minister resigned a short time ago because it was shown that he had accepted a large sum of money from banks in relations with the Government, not for himself, but for the treasury of his party. In Rome the Chamber has had under consideration the report of a committee that inquired into the frauds in connection with the building of the Palace of Justice. The matter was brought close home to some officials, and in consequence two Deputies have already resigned. Peculation and graft have been cynically said to haunt democratic government. To this it can be rejoined, first, that corruption under absolute government has been much worse, and, furthermore, that democratic government at least develops keen sensitiveness to the evil. Our public life is to-day by no means immaculate; but nothing that may be uncovered at Albany or Washington can rival the "festering news" which made patriotic Americans like Lowell heartsick as they read abroad of the widespread corruption shown by the Credit Mobilier and Pacific Mail inquiries. Since those days we have unquestionably had much less official dishonesty, with a great deal more popular revulsion and repugnance in connection with what corruption is shown to exist.

"RISING HOPES" IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Few in this country took much note of the death of George Wyndham, a couple of weeks ago, but the English papers were filled with long and grieving obituary notices of him. The appreciation broke through party lines. Wyndham was a Conservative, but nobody welcomed his maiden speech in Parliament more heartily than that stout old Liberal, Sir William Harcourt; and Liberals to-day write of him with a sense of personal loss. One reason for this universal feeling of sadness is that there was a tragedy in Wyndham's career. He died at fifty, which is young for an English public man. And for ten or twelve years he had been in a kind of eclipse, due mainly to political causes, but partly also to private failings. Yet he had a most brilliant beginning. Handsome, winning, talented, literary, with a marked oratorical gift, he was early pointed to as one of the "rising hopes" not only of his party but of public life in England. It was thought certain that he would go far. In his early life he was one of a group of young men—two of them are to-day Lord Curzon and Lord Selborne—whose future was much speculated about by their friends. They used to be surer of Wyndham than of any of the others, on the ground that he had "a touch of genius." His fate, however, was to show more than a touch of tragedy.

There have been, of course, many such instances of blighted hopes and careers either cut short or frustrated. They serve, when they occur, to make the struggles of political life seem more than ever like shadows pursuing shadows. People in this country who remember William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, can hardly mention his name, even now, without a sigh. He was so bright and eager a personality, the future seemed to be beckoning to him so confidently, his party and his country appeared to have so great need of him; yet without warning he was taken. In his case, too, the feeling of public loss was not confined to his party associates. All mourned for the rising star untimely sunk below our political horizon.

In all such cases we instinctively look about for such comfort as we can find. That which political philosophers offer is confessedly pretty cold. Their comments amount to little more than variations on the old theme of the uncertainties and vanities of human life. They will remind you that nothing is more fallible than political prophecy. We speak confidently of the high distinction which would have been won, and the great patriotic service rendered, had not death suddenly cut the thin-spun thread; but how do we know that something else would not have intervened—some unlucky drawing in the political lottery, a breaking down of the moral fibre, the paralysis of will—if life had still been vouchsafed? Wyndham, for example, was virtually a failure eight years before he died. And as for the futility of prediction, we might note the fact that, about twelve years ago, a writer who thought that Wyndham might succeed to the leadership of the Conservative party and the premiership, also thought that his most dangerous rival for those honors would be—Winston Churchill! Plainly, the casting of political horoscopes is not so exact a science as astronomy.

Public life, like the life of the race, is forever striving to renew and perpetuate itself; and one of the most pleasing and reassuring things about the entry into politics of men of high promise is the way in which they are received by their elders. The common superficial notion is that there is jealousy and even repression by the Ibsenish master-builders in political life who fear that the younger generation knocking at the door may push them from the scene. But experience does not bear this out. The aspirant has, of course, to go through his time of scrutiny and testing. But as soon as he shows that he has the true stuff in him, he is certain to get encouragement and aid from the older men. When Albert J. Beveridge, to take an example, went to the United States Senate, there was the best disposition in the world, on the part of Senators like Hoar and Spooner, to give the young man every opportunity. If he failed, it was not because of any lurking hostility to him; not because he entered the Senate young, but because

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he entered it bumptious, and because the defects which he from the first displayed became more offensive and incurable as time went on. In general, the attitude of the actors already on the political stage, or about to leave it, is one of almost fatherly interest in those who bid fair to carry on the great tradition. This is one reason why the unexpected quenching of a rising hope in public life carries with it so poignant a regret.

George Wyndham was at one time Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is a post which many other statesmen with a fondness for literature have held in our day—Mr. Bryce, Mr. Birrell, John Morley, to mention no others. It was Morley who described the Secretary's office as "that grim apartment in Dublin Castle, where successive Secretaries spend unshining hours in saying no to impossible demands, and hunting for plausible answers to insoluble riddles." The citation may serve to remind us what arduous and repugnant labors public life thrusts upon the young genius. Those as well as the possibility of chagrins and a truncated career he has to face. Yet none of these things seems to dim the fascination which high and influential office continues to wield upon aspiring youth. In their ardors, their devotion, their magnificent contempt for obstacles, each generation sees the promise that the long line of torch-bearers will not fail.

COLLEGE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Dr. James C. White, Harvard, '53, has printed in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* the second and final instalment of the diary which he kept when an undergraduate. In publishing this record it is possible that Dr. White had no other motive than to give entertainment. He betrays no bias of a wistful retrospect, but the reader can hardly fail to make some comparison of college life then and now. An obvious advantage of sixty years ago was the small enrolment—the class that graduated in '53 numbered ninety—as well as the high level of the faculty. Among the teachers, as Dr. White explains in a postscript, "were Professors Walker, Longfellow, Felton, Peirce, Lovering, Jeffries Wyman, Agassiz, Gray, Child, Lane, and Cooke. With such men we were in constant and intimate relations as pupils after our freshman year. Can it be wondered at that we loved the College and remain satisfied and thankful that we received such a training as such men gave us?" The Harvard faculty to-day includes several prominent names, but its general average has of necessity been lowered, owing to greater numbers and the specialization of the age. And the contact of student and professor has not the former intimacy. Norton's struggle to maintain the old way virtually died with him, in spite of all the thought that is still given to the problem.

Though the entries in this diary are largely matter-of-fact, they often call up delightful pictures. We hear of Longfellow's reading from "Faust":

> It was the scene in the beer cellar, and he gave us a very interesting account of student life in German universities, their drinking-songs, duels, corps customs, etc. He is charming in every way, the best-dressed of our teachers, a blue frock coat, gay waistcoat, light trousers, large bright neck handkerchief, side whiskers, and a winning smile.

It is hard to imagine Longfellow with anything less than that full gray beard which from time immemorial has been the awe and inspiration of childish readers of "Hiawatha." It is a pity that it was not there to set off the twinkle which must have been in his eye on another occasion cited:

> At Italian recitation this morning Longfellow said that in a Spanish church a man had been noticed always to kneel with his hands uplifted and covered with a cloak. Many worshippers had at times missed articles from their persons, and it was finally discovered that out from below these apparent hands there came others forward which made themselves busy. I will now give you the application of the story, he added. I have noticed that several of you hold up a little copy of Dante, but keep your eyes directed upon something (a pony) in your lap.

Professor Cooke, of the department of chemistry, also appears to have had an eye for the humorous. One morning after a jollification in Holworthy, which was furthered by six gallons of punch, Professor Cooke, who lived in that building, was asked if the noise disturbed him. "No," he replied, "but the odor did." Upon which young White comments: "This from a man whose daily atmosphere is sulphuretted hydrogen!" Sales, the Spanish teacher, "wears his head powdered, and has a queue; so with his horned spectacles, he represents an old Castilian."

Yale, even at that early day, was Harvard's dearest foe. One entry says: "Have been hearing from one of the crew [was it his good friend Charles W. Eliot?] an account of the recent boat race, and that we beat Yale in rowing, billiards, and drinking." This last item leads the author to explain in a note that intoxication was much more in evidence in college then than it is now. It was not unusual, he says, to see students in the Yard or at recitation in a "jolly" condition. And once the diarist was dropped three ranks in his class for "holding down a neighboring student under the influence of too much ale who wanted to stand up and address the professor." For the improvement which has since taken place many things are doubtless responsible. To athletics, with all its sins upon its head, must be given some credit. Systematic indulgence in sport certainly prevents systematic drinking. But in another respect it is easy to see that the absence of the athletic craze was of great benefit. Students were left with time for outside reading. To-day even those who are not members of college teams can scarcely fail to be demoralized for intellectual enjoyment by the spirit of play which the afternoon imposes. Such an entry as this is not infrequent: "After prayers I returned to my room and read until six o'clock." One can feel also a certain thrill behind the brief lines: "The first number of Dickens's 'Bleak House' has appeared to-day," and "Have been reading 'Henry Esmond,' Thackeray's latest." It may be noted that young White, who was early inclined to science, had a surprising range of interests, though with such a distinguished set of teachers perhaps it is not surprising.

One other point brought out in the diary suggests an interesting comparison. The author remarks that most of the college came of pure New England stock, and implies that it was governed by long-standing Boston traditions. Since then, especially in recent years, Harvard has striven to shake off this "provincialism." It is inevitable, of course, that with the present facilities for travel the university should draw upon the whole country. Yet some look with distrust upon any effort to range Harvard alongside the Western State universities. With a big enrolment has come the attempt at a large cosmopolitanism. This is natural. Even deeply

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intrenched Oxford has begun to feel similar stirrings. Yet it may be questioned whether Harvard would not do well to cling to the old standards of the intellectual life. The time may come when universities will react against present tendencies, and if Harvard slips away from her old moorings and the tide does turn back, she will have lost much. It may even be that President Hadley's good-humored reproach that "you can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much," may be construed as praise.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT FOR BABIES.

Parental despotism is of two kinds. It may take the form of ordinary cruelty or of excessive affection. Of these the second is far more inimical to the welfare of the child, if we remember that the one inalienable right of our babies is the liberty to develop their own individuality. Harshness, in fact, is very frequently a help to the unfolding of infant character. It calls forth resentment, opposition, self-assertion, and so lays the foundation of a strong personality Whereas affection only bribes or cajoles the young soul into adhesion to standards which it would not always accept of its own initiative. Old-fashioned people are in the habit of suggesting to their children that they ought to love their parents, instead of waiting for the sentiment to manifest itself spontaneously. When Smith hands his youngest born a doll and says, "Do you love your daddy?" he is guilty of a double crime against the child. In the first place, he is laying a basis for the dangerous notion that the child ought to love his father for no other reason than that he is father. In the second place, he is creating the impression that fatherhood expresses itself through the purchase of dolls and toy pistols, instead of by cultivating a judicious aloofness which leaves the child free to respond in kind if his nature so impels him.

Why hide the truth? Bringing up babies means too often keeping them down. It is bad enough that the child, living within the closed circle of the home, is subjected to silent influences which it is ill prepared to resist. We must not accentuate the tyranny of its environment by bringing direct pressure to bear on the child. Truly enlightened parents will strive to reduce even the silent influence of the home to a minimum. One cannot help admiring the young couple who refer to their girl baby as "It," because, as the mother puts it, "we would not impose any check on the development of our child's sex individuality." Even under the best of circumstances marriage is an imperfect institution for the free development of child character. The very fact that it is an institution puts it into opposition to the idea of liberty. Marriage is usually concluded between two persons beyond the adolescent state whose characters are fairly well established and whose outlook upon life is fixed. How can there be any perfect sympathy and understanding between such adults, subscribing to a standardized view of the universe, and the child whose very business it is to surrender itself, with M. Bergson, to the unceasing flux of life? It is one of the anomalies of existence that the spirit of the child must unfold itself to the adventure of life in the company of two people who have settled down. But presumably we must reconcile ourselves to this fact. Not every child can hope for an environment so favorable to the development of a free individuality as Topsy enjoyed, for instance.

It will be observed that when we speak of freedom for the baby, we refer to freedom of the soul. In its physical development it is only right that the baby should be strictly standardized. Fortunately, we are moving in that direction. Enlightened parents will no longer be content with a fat baby noticeably addicted to crowing in the daytime and conspicuously exempt from colic at night. The eugenists have seen to it that Bertillon shall not have labored in vain. Chest and girth measurement, skin texture and muscular flexibility, dental development and vocal range, have all been formulated and prescribed. The baby's right to self-development does not mean that it has a vested right in its adenoids and tonsils. It may be, of course, that if allowed to grow up with defective breathing apparatus it would give us another Keats or Robert Louis Stevenson. But that is a chance we cannot take. As a general rule, it may be laid down that the more we standardize the body the greater freedom we give to the soul. So that the eugenic schedules really operate for the growth of free individualities.

Personality, character, initiative, the *élan vital*—that is what we must expect of our babies. It is true that many babies, imperfectly emancipated from the laws of heredity, will insist on leaving their individuality undeveloped. They will keep on growing along old-fashioned lines, manifesting a thoroughly inconsiderate delight when their fathers come home from business at night, even without bringing dolls and toy pistols. If the habit of preferring parents to strangers is persistent, if a strong inclination to pick up phrases and gestures from the elder children declares itself, the enlightened parent will meet the situation firmly. The child will be trained to be individual. He will be put on a character schedule. From 9:30 to 10 he will be required to think for himself. Half an hour in the afternoon may be set aside for self-assertion. That training will accomplish anything is shown plainly by the numerous systems for developing individuality which have been taught to thousands of grateful customers in return for sixteen cents in stamps.

FRENCH HISTORY.

PARIS, June 15.

"Le Procès du Neuf Thermidor" (Bloud; 3.50 francs), by André Godard, is a book of original study; but its originality may disconcert readers who have not yet made acquaintance with the changes wrought daily, from completer study of documents, in the myth of the French Revolution. It is not so much the rehabilitation of Robespierre, for Albert Mathiez, in more brilliant researches, has carried this much further along traditional Jacobin lines. The present work rather brings to mind Huxley's fear that the Church would end by capturing the doctrine of Evolution. André Godard has hitherto been known by his "Christian Positivism," of which there is an English translation. Here too he writes as a frank partisan, but so that his research and reasoning may be easily weighed:

> The moral balance sheet of the French Revolution constitutes a tremendous problem. Must we wish, were it possible, that it had not been?
>
> . . . Far from appearing as a homogeneous *bloc*, the Revolution reveals itself as an amalgam of social truths and falsehoods, of fruitful enthusiasm and homicidal dementia.
>
> For long, perhaps for ever, those who cannot content themselves with merely taking sides in history will ask, at the

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tragic hours of Thermidor—Was Maximilien Robespierre crime struck down by justice, or was he persecuted virtue?

Without any doubt, he was the one and the other.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon, who represents psychological methods which are the latest in scientific history, confesses:

Robespierre, the most influential man of the Revolution and the one most studied, remains in spite of all the least explained. . . . I am quite willing to suppose in him the existence of a kind of personal fascination which escapes us now.

And Lord Acton, who knew more of the Revolution than any other Englishman until now, wavers:

[Robespierre] went to death taking his secret with him out of the world. For there has always been a mysterious suspicion that the tale has been but half told, and that there is something deeper than the base and hollow criminal on the surface. Napoleon [who owed much to him] liked him and believed that he meant well. Cambacérès, the arch-chancellor of the Empire, who governed France when the Emperor took the field, said to him one day, "It is a cause that was decided but was never argued!"

Our author takes these words of Cambacérès for a motto and argues Robespierre's case. He has written a suggestive, not a conclusive, book—a sort of Christian demolition of the Christian legend of Robespierre:

The painter David, who on the eve had sworn to Robespierre to drink the hemlock with him, drank only the shame of his own apostasy. But his conscience protested, and he brought up his sons in the cult of the vanquished. One of them one day said to him sadly, "Thirty years, father, have gone by since the 9th Thermidor, and the memory of Robespierre is still accursed." David replied, "Patience! the day of justice has not yet come."

"Fouquier-Tinville" (Perrin; 5 francs), by Alphonse Dunoyer, is also a new and original contribution, from the documents in the National Archives, to the history of the public accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal. It marks a step forward in the authentic history of the French Revolution, of which that Tribunal was an essential part. Particularly, it helps to a solution of that lasting enigma in the history of civilization—the Terror. In this way, it is a more valuable book for the immediate purposes of history than the speculations of M. Godard about what Robespierre really meant. We have here the exact detail, from the official records, of the part taken by the public accuser in the Terror. His own defence, when he in turn had to face the guillotine, was already known. We are henceforth in a position to check his defence by the documents in the case. The first part of the book relates conscientiously all that is known of the "Public Accuser," that is, the history of the man until Robespierre disappeared and he became himself "the Accused." In the latter rôle he is the subject of the second and more novel part. Altogether, we have here a consecutive history of the great Revolutionists face to face with their victims of the Terror, to which they themselves in many cases succumbed in turn; and a defence by their chief legal agent, fighting step by step for his own life.

The worst of these men, Carrier, who ordered the *noyades* of Nantes, when he was brought up for trial, cried out in protest—"Everything is guilty here, even to the presiding officer's bell!" Those who made and led the Revolution cannot throw off their responsibility for the Terror. As a witness in his favor, Fouquier-Tinville cited Carnot, one of the members of the Committee of Public Safety whose orders he had executed. Carnot sent word he was too ill to testify. The Accused wrote solemnly: "I have never done anything except in virtue of laws emanating from the Convention." His entire defence he summed up in these words: "I was the agent of the Committees of government. What would you have done in my place?"

Our author writes soberly, compassionately even, with nothing of the partisan:

Sombre and enigmatic figure, this, of Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville. For a long time his name has symbolized, in the memory of men, all the past of the Terror. And for a long time still, I believe, this tragic name will remain the symbol of the "judicial assassinations" [the word is of Boissy d'Anglas in 1795], which were committed by the tribunal of the 10th March, 1793. . . .

Here, in last analysis, is what I think of him.

There is a conflict within him. The balance has been broken between that which is himself at bottom, *bourgeois* and humane, and that which is the functionary and magistrate, the agent of the Committees of Public Safety and General Surety, the priest of Revolutionary justice. Between the magistrate and the private man, within him, in the tribunal of his conscience, there were terrible conflicts. We have the proof of it in his letters to his wife. He was good to his wife and to his children. He loved them tenderly. . . . [But] he had a despotic character. He has the bringing up, the entire education, and habits of a lawyer and public prosecutor, of a man nourished and bred in chicanery and procedure. . . . He confounds his rôle as public accuser with his old habits of legal practice. He wishes to win his suits, and he won them all during the Terror, with a high hand, until the 9th Thermidor.

But he lost one—his own—in spite of a desperate defence, full of talent, holding out against a whole régime. The public vengeance was waiting for him. He was hooted down. Too much blood has flowed. And Paris had had enough of seeing so much blood flowing—daily.

There is no proof of the prevarications thrown up against him. And he died very poor, leaving his wife and his children in cruel want and misery.

"Bleus, Blancs et Rouges" (Perrin; 5 francs), by G. Lenôtre, is a book of six authentic stories of the French Revolution in the provinces, where the Terror was not lightest. This author has earned a unique place for himself among historians of that turbulent time; but he thinks it necessary to answer, in a preface of 17 pages, a critic who accused him of "romantic inventions." And he now gives footnotes with due references and explanations, to show that his "exact particulars" are genuine history. The reading world long ago justified his historical sense and the French Academy has given him recognition. Of his seventeen volumes already published, none has less than fifteen and one has forty-eight editions.

There are shifting sidelights in these new footnotes. For example, we learn that men of both sides of Renan's family—his mother's uncle and his father's father—were Revolutionists actively engaged in the hunt for non-jurying priests and in the guillotining of a mother whose sole offence was her refusal to give them up. It is quite as natural that the grandson of this woman, Taupin, should be a Jesuit priest (still living) as that Renan should have worked out his own heredity.

One story is of a "goddess of reason" who died as late as 1858. She was buried with religious service from her parish church of Nôtre Dame, where she had received such honor sixty-four years before and where she had been married to an ex-priest by revolutionary rites. Mistral has described such a provincial goddess of reason whom he remembers from his childhood, a single generation standing between us and the historic orgy. No romance can rival in pathos another of these unkempt tragedies, wherein a young girl is guillotined with eight others, and the mother asks to mount the scaffold last, that she may strengthen their hearts to the end.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In an article which Henry Hart Milman contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in March, 1842, he says:

It would not be difficult to form a volume called "Poemata Illustriorum Virorum" which would comprehend names of the highest distinction in every profession, and in the highest walks of public life—the well-remembered prize exercises at school or college, as well as the "Nugæ Metricæ," as they were called by more than one distinguished scholar who has indulged in this style of writing. It is curious how many of our great poets have been distinguished for their Latin verse: Milton, Cowley, May, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, Gray, occur immediately to recollection, and modern names would not be wanting.

And as an example he cites the handsome volume of Lord Grenville. Of this rare

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book it will be of interest to give a brief account:

NUGÆ
METRICÆ.
Nos Hæc Novimus Esse Nihil.
MDCCCXXIV.

This is a tall quarto extending to 89 pages. Ten years later three more pages were printed. This appendix is not always to be found with the original, which was printed at Oxford for private circulation. The edition was restricted to 250 copies, and, of course, none was offered for sale. There is no clue in the book to the authorship, but it is known to be the work of William Wyndham Grenville, Baron Grenville, whose title died with him. He was a son of George Grenville, whom Pitt nicknamed "Gentle Shepherd," and a brother of the first Marquis of Buckingham, and of the famous book-collector Thomas Grenville, who bequeathed to the British Museum a library which is one of the glories of the national collection in London.

Grenville was born in 1759, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he gained the prize for Latin verse. He entered the House of Commons in 1782, in 1789 was Speaker, and in 1790 was created Baron Grenville. He was an active politician and was the head of the unlucky Ministry of All the Talents. In 1823 he retired from public life to his seat at Dropmore, where he returned to the literary amusements that had charmed his early days. He was, like most public men, sometimes inconsistent, and was indeed a curious mixture of liberalism and conservatism, but it is to his credit that he sacrificed his political career rather than renounce his desire to emancipate the Roman Catholics from the unjust laws which then oppressed them. It is to his discredit that he voted for the bill of "pains and penalties" by which the Prince Regent sought to get rid of his wife; and to his credit that he opposed the slave trade and the imposition of the corn laws, which were passed in 1815, while the House of Commons was guarded by the soldiery.

Whatever [says Dean Milman] may be the proper intrinsic merit of the verses to which we allude, much of their charm consists in their having afforded amusement to the declining years of Lord Grenville; they are a grave and a grateful testimony to the value of such studies from the highest authority. To those who had the advantage of witnessing the tranquil dignity of Lord Grenville's retirement this testimony cannot but be singularly valuable. Deliberately retiring at an earlier period than is usual from public affairs, withdrawn from the passions of political life, with no assumption of philosophic disregard, but with an earnest though contemplative interest in all that concerned the civil and religious welfare of his country—

With all that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;—

in the gardens of Dropmore, his own exquisite creation, exercising almost a parental care over the university [Oxford] of which he was the Chancellor, and overlooking from his grounds the school [Eton] from which he was educated; entering into all the literature of the day, and discussing a new novel of Walter Scott's with the warmest delight and the soundest judgment—Lord Grenville reverted to those classical studies which he never neglected with fresh delight, and occasionally threw off in his leisure hours these very elegant "Nugæ."

They include Latin translations from James Thomson, Euripides, Milton, Dante, Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson, and Ariosto. There are two epitaphs on dogs, one of whom was the only living creature who escaped from a shipwreck off Tenby and who swam ashore carrying with him the pocketbook of his master, who perished. There are several versions from the Greek anthology. There is also "a playful Correspondence in Homeric Verse about some French lamps" with Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Baron Holland. When Grenville proposed to print this, Holland replied with the English poems which were printed in the addenda of three pages, already mentioned. These are so rare that even Dean Milman does not appear to have seen them. One of these, a Sonnet, sent by Lord Holland, may be quoted:

Grenville (whose polished verse Latin or Greek,
Is brighter far than Lamps you celebrate,
Yet smells not of them) marvel not tho' late,
My pert Essays, provoked your Muse to speak,

That now, when grown less circumspect, you seek
To mar your verse, with mine—I hesitate:
For who would season sweet with gall? Who wait
With unwashed hands to deck fair Virgin's cheek?

Haply who deem that swarthy handmaids near
Set off the whiteness of a Lady's skin,
Or mingled Lead makes Gold more pure appear,
Might credit from ungenerous contrast win.

But you, whose jewels need no foil, forbear;
Lest strains that made you smile, should others
tempt to jeer.

Perhaps as a sample of Grenville's Latin verse it may suffice to give his version of the well-known epigram of Æmilianus:

Sume puer, tibi quae praebent dona ultima lactis
Materni, vita deficiente, sinus!
Sume Miser! tua te non ipsa in morte relinquit,
Sed vivum exanimo pectore mater alit.*

Of Grenville's English verse a translation from Ariosto may be cited:

None ever learnt, 'midst fortune's smiles
The undissembling heart to know;
When faith sincere, and flattery wiles,
Alike in outward seeming show.
'Tis when our giddy wheel goes round,
Scattering aloof the servile train,
That friends are proved, and faithful found,
And even in death unchanged remain.

It is not to be contended that Grenville was a poet, but it is interesting to see a man whose life was mainly spent in the political struggles of a somewhat sordid time finding refreshment at the fountains of literature. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

*It is a matter of interest that a copy of Grenville's "Nugæ," obtained by the good offices of Lord Brougham, set the Lord Chief Justice Tenterden writing Latin verses again after a pause of thirty years. Some specimens may be seen in Sir Egerton Brydges's "Autobiography" (I, 418).

Correspondence

CHAUCER'S "DOCTOUR OF PHISIK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most significant lineament (to filch a pun from the Autocrat) of Chaucer's "Doctour of Phisik" (Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales," A, 411f.) has hitherto entirely escaped attention through the failure of editors to read aright that seemingly simple line:

His studie was but litel on the Bible.

One commentator observes: "This probably refers to what follows. The Doctor spent little time in considering the lilies of the field or in reflecting on the dangers of purple and fine linen." Another calls to his aid Sir Thomas Browne, who confesses of himself and his fellow-physicians: "The villany of the Devil takes a hint of infidelity from our studies and, by demonstrating a naturality in one way, makes by mistrust a miracle in another. Hence the proverb, 'Ubi tres medici, duo athei,' despite the twenty-nine medical saints and martyrs in the Roman calendar." A third detects "a truly modern flavor about the jibe." Now there seem to be the best of reasons for dissenting from all these views. So far is Chaucer from availing himself of a merely conventional gird at the traditional skepticism of the physician-class, that the true implication of the line is revealed only by a study of contemporary unfaith. No verse in all the Prologue has a more definite connotation. The Doctor's "study was but little on the Bible," not because he is a typical physician of any or every age, but because he is a fourteenth-century Arabist and astrologer.

This opinion is sustained by a score of passages in Ernest Renan's scholarly volume of nearly fifty years ago, "Averroès et L'Averroisme" (1866). His illustrations prove beyond a doubt that among certain of the orthodox of Chaucer's century the great Arabian scholar-physicians and their followers are anathema. At the time of our poet's birth no less than three famous Italian painters, Orcagna, Traini, Gaddi, under the spell of St. Thomas Aquinas, hail Averroës as Antichrist and degrade him to the depths. A French poet of this very date, the author of "Le Tombel de Chartrose," loudly laments the wide influence of "the cursed Averroës—who was, with all his power, the enemy of our faith, and who chose the life and death of a beast—for no one now lends his ears to hearing sermons from the Bible." Can we wonder then that our Doctor, who derived the larger part of his authority from Arabians—Averroës and six others, Haly, Serapion, Razis, Avycen, Damascien, and Constantyn—should be open to the reproach of neglecting Holy Writ? Of course it does not follow in the least that all widely read physicians of the day were in reality unbelievers. John Gaddesden, who quotes in his "Rosa Medicinæ" the same authorities as Chaucer's Doctor, held a stall in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1341. But our line makes a strong protest against the suggested identification of the fictitious figure with this medical divine.

The chief witness of the disregard of the Word by contemporary physicians is the illustrious humanist to whom Chaucer owed much, Francis Petrarch. At his town of Padua, "medicine, Arabism, Averroïsm, astrology, and infidelity had become almost synonymous terms" (Renan). In his long-winded "Invective Against a Certain Physician," Petrarch accuses the object of his attack of preferring Averroës to Christ, and urges him to begin a contemplation of the person of the Saviour. Again, in one of the best of his later letters ("De Rebus Senilibus," V, 3), written about 1366 to Boccaccio, Petrarch gives a breezy account of a visit from another Averroïst, doubtless a physician, too: "He was one of those who think they live in vain unless they are constantly snarling at Christ or His divine teachings. When I cited some

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passage or other from the Holy Scriptures, he exploded with wrath, and with his face, naturally ugly, still further disfigured by anger and contempt, he exclaimed, 'You are welcome to your two-penny church fathers, etc.'" Indeed, the Arabian physicians are ever the good Petrarch's abhorrence; and the charlatanism and vanity of their disciples are often portrayed by him in a manner that suggests Molière and Lesage. The best commentary upon the fine raiment of Chaucer's Doctor is found in another letter to Boccaccio ("De Rebus Senilibus," V, 4), mocking at the superb clothing, magnificent horses, and flashing jewels of physicians, who were surely not "esy of dispence."

The "Doctour of Phisik" is, like all of his class, an astrologer. And, in the fourteenth century, astrology is often branded with infidelity. Tiraboschi's mammoth "Storia della Letteratura Italiana" (V, II, chap. ii, 15), cited by Renan, gives the full verdict in the case of Cecco d'Ascoli, who was condemned by the inquisition at Bologna to discard all his books of astrology and to hear every Sunday a sermon in the church of the Dominicans, because he had spoken against the faith. Three years later, in 1327, he was burned and, like Averroës, was pictured by Orcagna in Hell. Against the background of this orthodox distrust of Arabism and astrology—a distrust which died slowly despite the Averroïsm of Baconthorpe and Burley—Chaucer's comment upon his Arabist and astrologer, who, inconsistently enough, takes his holiday upon the Canterbury Road, seems not only natural, but inevitable: "His studie was but litel on the Bibel."

Editorial disregard of everything that could illuminate our line is rendered triumphantly complete by the neglect of the early-sixteenth-century foil to Chaucer's Doctor, the Sir John Duclow of "Colyn Blowbol's Testament" (Hazlitt's "Remains of Early Popular Poetry," I, 91f.). This worthy, we are told, "commenced" at many universities of great reverence—and yet "in phisike he cowth no skille at all." Then, far more to our purpose, follow halting verses, which certainly owe much to Chaucer's phrase and yet are very different in their purport:

> Hereby menne may welle understonde and see,
> That in scolys he had take degre,
> And was welle laboured in the rough Byble,
> Ffor he loved in no wise to be idele.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

Burlington, Vt., June 20.

THE INTERNATIONAL HISTORICAL CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I venture to make some corrections of fact in the interesting and valuable account of the International Historical Congress contributed to your columns May 1 by a distinguished authority?

Prince Henry of Battenberg has, I think, been dead a number of years; it was Prince *Louis* of Battenberg who dealt with the attitude of "the Admiralty towards naval history." Professor Egerton was in the chair at a meeting of the colonial subsection (*not* "section"), and delivered an address. It was not, however, a "presidential" address; the only vice-president representing the colonies was Sir Charles P. Lucas. "Mr. Perrin, of the Admiralty, on the English side, and M. de La Roncière, on the French," could not have "read papers that were stimulating and suggestive," because, as it eventually turned out, neither was present at the Congress, nor were any papers read for them, nor were *précis* of such papers provided.

I fully recognize the difficulty of surveying the labors of an entire congress, and I venture, therefore, to correct these errors in detail.

HAROLD W. V. TEMPERLEY,
Secretary to Section IV, Modern History, including Subsections, Naval, Military, and Colonial, in the International Historical Congress of 1913.

Cambridge, Eng., June 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am greatly indebted to Mr. Temperley for his corrections. The mention of Prince Henry of Battenberg for his brother, the First Sea Lord, was manifestly a slip of the pen, for one may not easily forget the lamented death of the younger prince in connection with the Ashanti War. To have called Professor Egerton's address from the chair a "presidential" address was an error without excuse, as was also the use of "section" for "subsection." The papers that I characterized as "suggestive and stimulating" in the naval subsection were five, not two, in number, and as the papers in that particular section were reported to me as unusually interesting and as the newspapers included Mr. Perrin among those present, I assumed that all the papers listed in the programme came within the category of those described by my informant.

The Congress was very elaborately organized, and any survey of its work was bound to be more or less a coöperative affair. I regret that my account contained any misstatements; but writing as I did on shipboard, without chance of verification, I rendered myself liable to a certain amount of error in matters of detail.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Yale University, June 18.

THE WICKED VANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to utter a word of strong protest against a pernicious tendency in modern American novel-writing. Ever since the early days of the harmless but silly Van Bibber, the American romancer has drawn upon the Van species for his supply of villains. Mrs. Wharton and Upton Sinclair are the last two writers to use perfectly good Dutch names for evil purposes. In the cheaper magazines and in the "movies," whenever the preposition Van is seen, we instinctively hear the soft music of the theme which announces the entrance of the Chief Crook and Millionaire. A few years more of this sort of thing and the very respectable Membership List of the Netherlands Club will read like the catalogue of the Rogues' Gallery of fiction.

We respectfully propose that the American Authors forget us for a while and pay some attention to the O's, the Mac's, the Ski's, the de's, and the Von's.

H. W. VAN LOON.

Washington, June 21.

Literature

MODERN ENGLAND.

The Taylor Papers: Being a Record of Certain Reminiscences, Letters, and Journals in the Life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor. Arranged by Ernest Taylor. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

The Making of Modern England. By Gilbert Slater, Principal of Ruskin College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Stolen Waters: A Page in the Conquest of Ulster. By T. M. Healy, M.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.25 net.

Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of His Work and Opinions. With eight essays on Discipline and National Efficiency. Edited by his son, Lieut.-Col. F. Maurice. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

An eminent French student of English institutions, M. Boutmy, maintains that the well-known inclination of Englishmen to jump up and down and shout for liberty is not due to any particular love of liberty, but to the desire, natural enough to men living in a cold, foggy climate, to make themselves warm and comfortable by getting the blood to circulate freely. However that may be, it is certain that England long enjoyed the reputation of being, more than most European countries, the land of liberty, and of possessing institutions which procured, with marvellous efficiency, the happiness and prosperity of a free people. At no time, perhaps, was her fame in this respect more assured than during the years after 1815. The virtues which Voltaire and Montesquieu had celebrated in the eighteenth century were proclaimed in even more uncompromising terms by Niebuhr early in the nineteenth:

> The ever-growing perfection of the British freedom and Constitution since 1688 affords the noblest picture of collective national wisdom and virtue that history can offer. Without a single form being altered or abolished, the possession of freedom has gradually spread through the whole nation. The greatest freedom existed in all things, the greatest freedom a people ever enjoyed. Never, perhaps, was a land in better circumstances than England at the time of the French Revolution. She was the pride and envy of the world.

If intelligent foreigners were so well pleased with English institutions and achievements, it is small wonder that Englishmen themselves were often quite complacently satisfied. And, indeed, the period after 1815 was characterized by a tremendous accentuation of the spirit of provincial egoism, at least in the upper and middle classes: having avoided the plague of revolution, and having la-

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bored so generously to save Europe from its effects, they stood high in their own estimation and were inclined to assume a certain air of condescension towards foreigners.

A typical representative of this spirit was Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, one of the most excellent and upright of men, and an able one, some of whose papers are now published. The "bulk of his official memoranda was destroyed after his death"; and probably some of the most interesting papers were so disposed of. At least, many of the letters which remain are neither very interesting nor very important, having to do with the punctilios of royal intercourse; for Sir Herbert was, during many years, private secretary to George III, Queen Charlotte, and William IV. Fortunately, this does not apply to all of them. The military historian will find the letters written in connection with the campaigns of 1793-94 and 1813-14 of some use. Of greater value still is the correspondence between the King and the Ministry in May, 1832, relating to the proposed creation of new Peers for carrying the Reform bill. But quite the most interesting part of the book is the journal which Sir Herbert kept on a journey through France in 1837, which contains, among many other things, a detailed report of a long conversation with Louis Philippe.

In the journal, more perhaps than elsewhere, the narrow provincialism bred by the Napoleonic struggle is revealed. Taylor was conservative by nature, and the character of his occupation doubtless confirmed him in the disposition to hold to the established order. One would not infer, either from the letters or the journal, that he had lived through one of the great transforming epochs of the world's history. When he died in 1839 he was apparently still firm in the belief that the Revolution was a dangerous *émeute* which, thanks mainly to England, had been put under foot finally. In 1837, wishing to build a house near Cannes, he recognizes the "risk of revolution," but is "persuaded that none producing such effects as that which occurred in 1793 is to be apprehended." The good general was one of many in England to whom it never occurred that there was something in the Revolution to comprehend as well as to apprehend.

Few of the letters, except those mentioned, touch upon the great question of Parliamentary reform in England. What Sir Herbert's own position was scarcely appears. As secretary to the King, it was not for him to express any independent opinion. But we know that he was not very keen for it. His attitude towards reform in general was that of many of his class, and is delightfully exhibited in a letter from Camden inspired by the prospect of church reform—a letter containing views which Taylor pronounced "sound and constitutional." "I think the Church as at present constituted," writes Camden, "so essential to the stability of the monarchy, so essential to the religion and morality of the country, . . . and . . . that its dignitaries are so respectable, and its ministers so well educated, well conducted, and pious, that I should myself very unwillingly promote any change." One recalls that Ruskin wished to keep the judges, if only for the fine effect of their wigs.

In respect to reform, the difference between Whig and Tory was after all slight enough. The Reform bill once passed, it was accepted in good faith by the Tories, and both parties drew together in resistance to all radical propaganda: it will be remembered that Grote retired from Parliament because, as he said, it was "no use defending Whig conservatism against Tory conservatism." A moderate liberalism was, indeed, the strongest tendency of the time. After 1815 none could deny that institutions were bound to change, while few were ready to maintain that the Jacobins had ushered in the golden age of which the philosophers dreamed. For half a century the main motive, with all except the incurably reactionary, was to find a middle way between reaction and change, to justify at once the Revolution and the Restoration. It was a reconciliation which no absolute dialectic could by any means effect; which could, however, be effected by seeking an explanation of political institutions in terms of their history; and so the age turned with feverish intensity to the study of the past. From the historical point of view, it was not difficult to regard the state as a product of inevitable though gradual change; and hence in history the generation after 1815 found an effective bulwark against obscurantism on the one hand and radicalism on the other, a means of justifying the transformation of the old régime without resorting to Jacobinical principles. To put historic rights in the place of natural rights was indeed one of the main achievements of the nineteenth century.

For this purpose, the political experience of England was most serviceable. To all who held to the golden mean in preference to extreme principles, either of divine right or of popular sovereignty, to all who adopted, in whatever form, Hegel's notion of the *Zeitgeist*, whose works, as Lord Acton says, "were always good and whose latest work was best," the history of English institutions appeared almost in the light of a God-given example, proving beyond peradventure that the happiest peoples, as well as the strongest, were those who advanced by evolution rather than by revolution towards the goal of freedom. Hence it was that such men as Niebuhr found the "ever-growing perfection of the British Constitution and freedom" such an admirable thing; and this interpretation of English history, put into classic form by Macaulay, has held, almost to our own day, undisputed possession of the field.

Such an interpretation of English history was the more readily accepted because, the main problems of government being in that age political, the interest of the historian was chiefly centred in the life of the state; so long as history was conceived as past politics, it was not difficult to regard English history as a steady progress towards liberty. But for the last quarter-century social problems have been in the ascendant. History is therefore conceived more in terms of social conditions; and historians concern themselves less with the mechanism of government than with the general welfare—less, one might say, with the freedom of the free than with the happiness of the unfortunate. From this point of view, English history is open to a very different interpretation, and the statement of Niebuhr that "the possession of freedom has gradually spread through the whole nation" seems a bizarre perversion of the truth.

Mr. Slater, at least, is one of those for whom the traditional view is altogether unsatisfactory. It might be objected that Mr. Slater is not an historian at all, but only a student of economic history. It may be so. But students of economic history are sometimes a little in advance of historians proper, and Mr. Slater's interest in economic questions only makes his book on "The Making of Modern England" the more significant as an illustration of the influence of modern conditions on the study of history. To begin with, Mr. Slater's ideas with respect to the purpose of studying the past are quite modern. "History," he says, "may be studied, like any other science, under the influence of a noble curiosity, with no end in view beyond the attainment of clearer knowledge of the past"; but "for the citizen, historical study with the ulterior object of gaining light on the future and guidance in the present is an imperative duty; and my desire is to help the growing number who feel this." It is, in fact, from the point of view of the present movement for "social betterment" that he approaches the study of the history of England. Does it appear to him as "the noblest picture of collective national wisdom and virtue that history can offer"?

Far from it! In the first chapter he sets forth, very soberly and with full knowledge of the facts, the conditions under which the people of England were living in 1815. And he finds that it was not a "merry England" then; but an England which was not inaccurately

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described by a contemporary placard appearing at the time of the Spa Fields riots: "The present state of Great Britain. Four millions in distress! Four millions embarrassed! One million and a half fear distress! Half a million live in splendid luxury!" Few historians now deny or ignore the fact that in 1815 the majority of the English people were in distress: but many pass it off as the temporary result of the great war and the disorganization of industry incident to the return of peace. It is the merit of Mr. Slater that, without ignoring the temporary influences, he regards the condition of England in 1815 fundamentally as the result of economic changes which had been going on since the sixteenth century. He sketches with a sure hand the process, of which the "Glorious Revolution" marks the first stage and the industrial revolution and the Napoleonic wars the culmination, by which the landowning and moneyed classes eliminated the yeomanry and appropriated to themselves the economic and political control of England. The colonial and maritime expansion of the eighteenth century, far from being the result of a "growing freedom," was possible only through the exploitation of the masses by the classes: the price of empire, in Mr. Slater's view, had to be paid; its price was the disfranchisement and impoverishment of the nation.

To those who look at English history in this light, the exploitation of Ireland appears less exceptional than it is often represented to be. In its dealing with Ireland, Mr. Slater would probably say, the ruling class was only more ruthless and less legal than it was in its dealing with England. At all events, Mr. Healy, in his book entitled "Stolen Waters," has thrown some new light on an obscure and devious by-path of Irish history. In 1911 the Law Lords, by a majority of one, declared that Charles II had conveyed Lough Neagh, the "largest and most fishful lake in the three kingdoms," into private hands. It was this decision, apparently, which led Mr. Healy to collect all the evidence showing title to Lough Neagh, and to the river Bann which flows out of it. The investigation takes us back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when James I induced certain Londoners to engage in the planting of Ulster in return for fishing rights in Lough Foyle and in the river Bann. Mr. Healy then reveals, with too much detail, perhaps, the methods, clever and tortuous and fraudulent, by which Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland, appropriated to himself the river Bann, Lough Neagh, and much other valuable property upon which he founded the fortunes of the family whose descendants are still living, and who now gain an additional advantage by the decision of England's high court of justice. The book is not pleasant reading, but it illuminates the manner in which the English aristocracy has "governed" Ireland; and is a confirmation, in its way, of Mr. Slater's interpretation of English history in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Slater, however, is primarily interested in the nineteenth century, which he regards as marking a kind of *revanche*—the mere beginning of a movement for the overthrow of class privilege and the establishment of radical democracy. He sketches briefly the political history connected with the extension of the suffrage, and at greater length the history of the labor movement, of poor law and factory legislation, of educational reform, of the campaign for public health, of the development of industry and the revival of imperialism. His story is the advance of democracy. But he is not ready to admit that democracy has yet achieved the "splendid triumphs" which many writers concede to it. On the contrary, "politically, democracy is still in actual fact only attained in an imperfect degree, and in a very unsatisfactory form; while industrially and socially it exists only as a feeble beginning." Democracy's task, the establishment of social justice, is for the future: "To put industry on a new basis, on a basis fundamentally just, instead of one fundamentally unjust, is a task of enormous magnitude, but nothing less is demanded of the twentieth century."

The task which Mr. Slater lays on the twentieth century is certainly no light one. And of all the obstacles to its accomplishment, many people—and among them the Socialists, with whose ideas Mr. Slater is most in sympathy—are inclined to think militarism the greatest. In England, at least, the means for establishing social equality are greatly limited by the cost of national defence. Nevertheless, Mr. Slater admits the necessity of national defence, and welcomes imperialism in the sense of believing that imperialism is a necessary stage, and one which he hopes to pass as soon as possible, on the way to disarmament, the establishment of a world federation, and the triumph of human brotherhood.

It was from a quite different point of view that the late Sir Frederick Maurice regarded the military problem. As a professional soldier and scientific student of the art of war, he had little belief in the possibility of disarmament, except doubtless as a splendid ideal for the far distant future. Social salvation seemed to him to depend upon the regeneration of the individual from within by the cultivation of the commonplace virtues; and he was strong in the belief, which he urged with much originality and charm of style in the essays, and particularly in the one entitled "The Zeitgeist under Drill," that universal military service on the German plan was one of the most effective means of achieving the desired result.

An advocate of military training for its social effects, Maurice was under no illusion as to the necessity of being effectively prepared for war; and in this respect he represents the modern attitude as contrasted with that of the early Victorian period quite as well as Mr. Slater does. Maurice's father, the famous F. D. Maurice, used to illustrate the conservatism of that day by a story of the Waterloo veteran, who, when any one mentioned military reform, was apt to relate the following incident: "When I was at the Battle of Waterloo, Sir Alexander Dickson rode up to me. Says he to me: 'Mr. Smith, do you know that you are wasting your ammunition?' And I to him: 'I do, Sir Alexander Dickson.' With that he rode away, and we won the Battle of Waterloo. Any change of the most trifling description is to be deprecated." Something of this spirit remains, perhaps, even now. But the idea that England can be depended upon to "muddle through" is fast disappearing. Maurice's life work was to protest against it. In his writings, and in his lectures at the Staff College, he constantly urged the need of a thorough study of military history, especially of recent military history, and the necessity above all of bringing modern scientific knowledge to bear upon the organization of the army and the art of war. The experience of England in South Africa, and the rise of the "Teutonic peril," have given point to Maurice's teachings; for at present, while the principle of the double standard for the navy is accepted as a matter of course, compulsory military service for the army is a much-mooted question.

Thus in England, as on the Continent, the pressing problems at the opening of the new century are militarism and Socialism. They are not strikingly different in character from those which presented themselves for solution a century ago; but they have become infinitely more intricate. Meanwhile, the attitude of Englishmen generally is much less assured, as they contemplate these problems in 1913, than it was in the days of the Duke of Wellington; whereas, abroad, England is far from being regarded as "the pride and envy of the world."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Old Adam. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

While Mr. Bennett's most serious-minded public (for he has a half-dozen publics) is waiting for the long-delayed sequel to "Hilda Lessways," and wondering whether the complete Hilda-Clayhanger trilogy will prove itself worthy, after all, to take its place beside the

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"Old Wives' Tale," that versatile writer seems quite content to pursue his activities as an entertainer. Is he like the actor of parts who succumbs permanently to the easy charms of vaudeville, or is he giving a part of the twenty-four hours dedicated to his day's work to the pursuit of what is for him "the legitimate"? As a doer of "turns," at all events, he is a "head-liner." If "The Old Adam" is a turn, it is an extremely amusing one.

It is, in fact, a sort of sequel to an earlier performance of the same type—a tale of Denry the audacious twenty years after. Edward Henry Machin, Denry for short, will be recalled as the famous "card" of Bursley, who, with no marked endowment except a well-timed impudence, rises from his humble post of lawyer's clerk to be a power in the Five Towns. After twenty years he finds himself settled down as local magnate, householder, and father of a family. The little Nellie of his youthful romance is the stout and efficient mistress of his home. Money still rolls in, but his satisfaction in it wanes. Life is dull, middle age and respectability have possessed him. The old Adam, however, still inhabits his interior, and emerges to some purpose in the episode here recorded. A dog-bite and Chopin's Funeral March are at the bottom of it. How Alderman Machin, of Bursley, is led to beard the social and financial lions of London; by what flukes and impertinences of chance he becomes founder and proprietor of a theatre off Piccadilly, and exponent of the advanced drama; how deserved failure threatens him, and how he wrings success from failure by living up to his reputation as a card—becoming, in short, a "card" on a metropolitan scale—all this is the substance of a most amusing tale. And always in the background is the grim figure of Denry's old mother, unmoved and sardonic spectator of his feats, the one person in the world to whom Richard Edward Henry Machin, alderman, financier, and "card," is nothing in the world but a mischievous and rather unreliable boy. In her, if in no other figure here, the reader who wishes to take his Bennett seriously may find, drawn with the fewest possible strokes, a portrait worthy of the hand which produced the Baines and the Clayhangers.

The Fear of Living. By Henri Bordeaux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"La Peur de vivre" was first published in 1902, and went through numerous editions in succeeding years. American readers of the present version in English will incline to wonder why the book should have been taken so seriously in France. It is ingenuous and earnest, but, to the alien, neither striking as a story nor overwhelming as a parable. Its theme had long been a commonplace of Anglo-American fiction. Yet it was hailed in Europe as an evangel. René Doumic pronounced it "a new and daring departure." The grounds of his surprise are that the author of this narrative actually "thinks that a life in which one has suffered, struggled, and worked for others, not for one's self, that a life whose years are counted by emotions, sacrifices, devotions, and renunciations, is a well-filled life. He says it, he believes it, and, while we read it, he makes us believe it. It may be absurd, extravagant, and romantic in the last degree, but it is not commonplace." A further astounding fact about the story is that its characters are "almost all respectable people," while "it is a dogma in our literature that respectable people are not interesting." Finally, breathes M. Doumic, this unparalleled writer has produced a realistic work in which beauty and virtue usurp the time-secured places of ugliness and vice.

That M. Doumic did not exhaust the meaning of the story is shown by the author's preface, here reprinted, which was written some three years after the book was first issued. This preface contains liberal quotations from Mr. Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life," which appeared, we recall, a year or two earlier than "La Peur de vivre." M. Bordeaux's chief quarrel is not with the wicked, but with those who inhabit the wretchedest circle of the Dantean or Rooseveltian inferno, those who are not vital, or "strenuous," enough to be either good or wicked. For the rest, we wonder that M. Doumic did not enlarge upon the phenomenon of our author's sufficiently evident opposition to the studiedly mercenary and studiedly childless French marriage.

Gettysburg: Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Several of the stories here collected have appeared in the magazines. The group together affords a romantic picture of Gettysburg, the place and the memory, by a member of the younger generation. Miss Singmaster has lived in Gettysburg for many years without that disillusion which so often comes to the dweller at a shrine. It embodies for her the glory and the sorrow of that great dead strife. Its topography and its ancient legends have retained their glamour for her. And she knows at first hand the returning veteran and his entourage—the reunions, anniversaries, and dedications which give so many field-days to the little Pennsylvania town. The veteran is in a sense proprietor there: "Even now, after almost fifty years, the shadow of war is not yet fled away, the roaring of the guns of battle is not yet stilled. The old soldier finds himself appreciated, admired, cared for, beyond the merely adequate return for the money he brings into the town." Miss Singmaster does not unduly idealize this dwindling type. She records his foibles as well as his virtues. But she ardently believes that he is a type worth having, that what he did was worth doing. So the old blind gunner, whose name is to be found neither on the pension list nor on the State monument raised on Gettysburg field, is content to have done his part in the defence of a great cause. "It is not a question of reward, sir. I would endure it all again, gladly—everything." The spirit of the Gettysburg Address is behind all these tales—the struggle was not for nothing, the dead have not died in vain. "Is not all this business of war mad? . . . It is a feeble, peace-loving, fireside-living generation which asks such questions as these." We have said that Miss Singmaster's work is romantic: it is so in the best sense. She writes with a restraint and a sense of fitness in mood and word which keep her clear of the exuberance and sentimentality with which our magazine fiction is wont to "exploit" similar materials.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity; or, Hebrew, Jewish, and Christian Eschatology from Pre-prophetic Times Till the Close of the New Testament Canon. By R. H. Charles. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

The changes in this new edition consist of corrections of inaccuracies in references and dates, revisions, and additions; the principal addition is in the discussion of the nature and function of apocalyptic (p. 173 ff.); there is also an account of the so-called Zadokite Party, a curious Jewish sect described in recently discovered manuscript fragments edited by S. Schechter. The materials thus collected form an admirable introduction to the study of Jewish and Early Christian ideas of the future life, and Dr. Charles's treatment is candid and clear, with many interesting criticisms and remarks. Ancestor-worship, however (chapter i), he credits with a larger religious rôle than it is entitled to.

The development of the idea of immortality is described here, as in the first edition: first, the Old Semitic conception of a colorless existence of all the Israelite dead in Sheol, then the demand for a higher individual immortality, and finally the synthesis of these two conceptions in the doctrine of resurrection, in which the individual lives as a member of the resuscitated nation.

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That this was the general line of progress is clear, but Dr. Charles's statement of the details of the movement and its governing conceptions presents difficulties. There is a disposition (chap. ii and *passim*) to represent religious individualism as a product of monotheism; there would be as good reason for reversing this order of cause and effect, but the fact is that the two Hebrew conceptions were parallel formulations of ideas that grew naturally out of the national enlargement of thought. This latter element of the religious development is here and there passed over by Dr. Charles, and a quasi-personality is ascribed to a body of beliefs or to a literary form. Thus, "Yahwism" is said (p. 53 f.) to have destroyed the false view of the future life, and is credited in general with the creation of the higher religious conceptions. Now, "Yahwism" at any one moment was the current creed of the people who worshipped Yahweh as their god, and it varied with all the intellectual fortunes of the nation. It at one time contained the false view of the future life, and at various times many other false views—it was the creation of the Israelitish people. It cannot be supposed that Dr. Charles does not recognize this fact—he says, indeed (p. 13) that "the national god is the personification of the genius of a people, the embodiment of its virtues and its vices on an heroic scale." Naturally, then, we expect him to add that the Yahweh of early Israel was a morally crude deity, instead of which he affirms (p. 15) that "the essential superiority of Yahwism to the neighboring Semitic religions lay not in its moral code, in which, indeed, it was unquestionably superior, but in the righteous character of Yahweh, which was progressively revealed to his servants." It would be difficult to frame a sentence contradicting more decisively than this the facts in the case. Dr. Charles identifies the Yahweh of Moses and David with the absolute God, whom he thus makes responsible for the savagery of the early times. Apparently, he has in mind the view (which, however, is not clearly expressed) that there was in the Israelitish people a germ or tendency of thought that inevitably ripened into the later ethical monotheism and other high beliefs. Doubtless there was a tendency, a devotion to the national god, but it had in itself no moral content, and the development can be understood only by taking into account all the cultural influences to which the people were subjected from without.

The comparison between the rôles of prophecy and apocalyptic (p. 173 ff.) is interesting, and due stress is laid on the contribution of the latter to the doctrine of the future life—to it, he observes, we owe every advance on the Old Semitic ("heathen") conception of Sheol: "the belief in a blessed future life springs not from prophecy but from apocalyptic." This is true in the sense that Jewish thought did not deal with the larger conception of the future till it had settled, under prophetic guidance, the question of the national cult, the ethical conception of the national deity. This question settled, the Jews found themselves in a world of new ideas concerning immortality, under the stimulus of which they slowly worked out views that were colored by their monotheistic faith. It happened that at this time the apocalypse was a favorite literary form, and it lent itself easily to imaginative constructions of the future life. Without discussing the historical conditions that led to the prevalence of the apocalyptic form, Dr. Charles points out that its pseudonymous character was a necessary consequence of the fact that belief in current inspiration was dead and the prophetic canon closed, so that to get a hearing a writer had to claim the authority of some great name of the past. In succeeding chapters the various beliefs, Jewish and Christian, concerning the nature and extent of the resurrection and the character of the post-resurrectional life are given in detail and with full citation of documents. Certain of the author's interpretations of Old Testament and New Testament passages (for example, Ps. xlix, 15, lxxiii, 24, 1 Cor. xv, 45) are open to doubt, but the general treatment is satisfactory.

Dr. Charles has made an elaborate study of the Biblical terms "soul" and "spirit" and worked out a theory that is peculiar to himself. He holds properly that in the greater part of Old Testament and New Testament these terms are synonymous, but maintains that, according to a view which followed logically from Gen. ii, 7 ("God blew into man's nostrils breath of life and man became a living soul"), the two differ from each other in essence as well as in function—the soul is the result of the indwelling of the spirit in the material body, is merely a function of the material body when quickened by the spirit, and is annihilated when the spirit is withdrawn (p. 41 ff.). It is hard to see how this construction of man's interior nature can be got from the passages cited. The Genesis verse says only that God breathed into a man-shaped mass of clay which then became a living soul, that is, a living creature—man's soul is God's breath, but there is no difference between the soul and this breath (which Charles identifies with the human "spirit"). Nowhere in the Bible is there found a belief in the annihilation of the soul (certainly not in Mt. x, 28). The Old-Semitic view of existence in Sheol as inert is retained in late Old Testament writings (Isa. xxxviii, 18, Eccles. iv, 10), while the old necromancy (as when the ghost of Samuel predicts Saul's death) disappears before enlightenment; but the continued existence of the soul after earthly death is taken for granted in Old Testament and New Testament. There seems to be no real dichotomy of soul and spirit either in Old Testament or in New Testament. The spirit or breath that God withdraws from beast (Ps. civ, 29) or man (Eccles. xii, 7), death then ensuing, the vital principle, is not different in essence from the soul. Hebrew psychology discerned two sides of interior life, and the term "spirit" was chosen (on what grounds we know not) to designate the vigorous active side—naturally it is used for the interior principle of the deity. Naturally, also, it is the term chosen by Paul to designate the side of man that enters into intimate relations with God—only, he holds (1 Cor. xv, Rom. viii) that this capacity belongs not to the unassisted human spirit, but to this spirit quickened by the divine spirit, the two being, as it were, fused into one. So in the Old Testament the thought of the prophets is produced by the "spirit of God" which comes on them or is poured out on them, and becomes psychologically a part of them.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 3.

The first volume of the "Bibliography of Modern English History," the compilation of which was undertaken by a joint committee of the American and British Historical Associations, is announced by Ginn & Co. The work will continue Gross's "Sources and Literature of English History to the Middle Ages."

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," will be published by Lippincott in August.

Among the announcements of Little, Brown & Co. are the following: "The Joy of Youth," a story by Eden Phillpotts, devoted to Italy; authorized American editions of "The Survivor," "The World's Great Snare," "Those Other Days," and "For the Queen," which represent the earlier work of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and a new book with an Oriental setting, by Rowland Thomas.

To the Modern Heroines series will be added this summer by Sturgis & Walton "Heroines of Modern Religion."

Dutton is about to bring out in English "The Adventurous Simplicissimus," by the seventeenth century Hans von Grimmelshausen.

The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean was commemorated by the Royal Geographical Society at its April meeting. The *Geographical Journal* for June contains Sir Clements R. Markham's address in which he told briefly the tragic story of the Spaniard, Vasco

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Nuñez de Balboa, who forced his way through the dense Darien forest, and climbed alone a peak in the early morning of September 25, 1513, from which the wide expanse of the ocean burst upon his astonished gaze. Balboa called it Mar del Sur (South Sea), and it was Magellan whose weeks of experience of a calm sea led him to name it El Mar Pacifico. An interesting historical map of the peninsula illustrates the address. Among the other contents of the number is an account by Capt. E. M. Jack of that part of British East Africa, little known because of the difficulty of access, which lies adjacent to the German and Belgian territory. It is a mountainous region of great beauty, with a healthy and invigorating climate which makes it "eminently suitable for Europeans." The accompanying map is the result of the work of the Anglo-German-Belgian Boundary Commission, "the only known case," said Major Leonard Darwin, "of a boundary commission where three great Powers have joined together to simultaneously delimit the boundaries where their frontiers met."

In "Mark Twain and the Happy Island" (McClurg), Elizabeth Wallace presents an intimate record of the philosopher-humorist in the serener days of his later life—days that he spent in Bermuda, whither he was accustomed to go when the turmoil of the North proved too irksome. Mr. Clemens was no sight-seeing tourist, although he permitted one of his child friends to pilot him along the peaceful roads behind the donkey, Maude, which moved sedately at all times and sometimes grew quite stubborn. The author reveals Mark Twain's sympathetic interest in children and the little devices he invented to gain their confidence. She tells also about the evenings when he gathered his friends about him and read aloud to them. "In one hand," she writes, "he held his book, in the other he had his pipe, which he used principally to gesticulate with in the most dramatic passages." Although he did not care much about poetry, he confessed a weakness for Kipling's verse, saying, "I guess he's just about my level." Albert Bigelow Paine furnishes the introduction, and there are a number of good illustrations of Mark Twain and Bermuda scenery.

"Travers' Golf Book" (Macmillan), by Jerome D. Travers, is both frankly and accurately named. For, in addition to an account of the author's golfing career, it is an exposition of the game—as he plays it. His likes and dislikes and personal idiosyncrasies are made, we will not say the standard, but the point of departure for each discussion. The net result is that his readers are told to go and do as he does. Would that they could! They cannot, for he is a golfing wonder. He attains the most astonishing results in ways often irregular. For example, in the final round of the national amateur championship, which he won, he scarcely touched his wooden clubs. That was because he can use his iron *à merveille*. But this is a feat; it is not golf for the ordinary mortal. So of his dismissal of the spoon and his slighting of the cleek: he does not like those clubs, and hence he condemns them. It is this thrusting forward of the personal equation which gives his book unusual interest indeed, but deprives it of the right to be regarded as an all-round and thoroughly sound treatise on golf.

The title of Mr. J. F. Fraser's "Panama, and What It Means" (Cassell) might properly have been "Panama, as an Englishman Sees It," for it embodies all the views and criticisms of the canal which have found utterance abroad. American writers have for the most part been unequivocally enthusiastic over the $400,000,000 "American ditch." Mr. Fraser is unstinting in his praise of Col. Goethals and his work, but beyond that his opinion is, to say the least, reserved. In several chapters towards the close of the book, Mr. Fraser carries the reader a little beyond the wonders of the Gatun Dam, the Culebra Cut, and the Miraflores Locks. One of these chapters is entitled the Future of the Pacific; another, West Indies and the Canal; still another, What Is the Use of It All? In discussing the future of the Pacific, the writer points out the advantages which the new waterway must bring to our own Western States, but he strongly inclines to the idea that the greatest benefits will accrue to Latin America. With a population of 70,000,000 and an area far greater than that of the United States, the prospect of South America is vastly brightened by the promise of water navigation through the isthmus. Mr. Fraser dwells on this prospect with notable cheerfulness. In the chapter What Is the Use of It All? his reply is, in effect, "Nothing, so far as we Englishmen are concerned." He looks upon the manifest advantages of the Suez Canal as far too great to be abandoned for the altogether unproved advantages of the Panama route, especially in light of the possible abrogation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. His conclusion is that in the end, with a high tax on foreign shipping preventing free use of the waterway, the canal must cost the American people $20,000,000 annually, while schemes of defence must call for maintenance on the isthmus of an army with a peace standing of 20,000 men. For compensation he accedes the advantages which the canal will offer in time of war, in enabling an American fleet to pass over-night from the Atlantic into the Pacific. But he does this grudgingly, holding that "with developments in modern warfare it would be nothing short of marvellous if during a conflict with a first-class Power the United States were able to keep the canal free from mishap and open to the quick transfer of warships from ocean to ocean."

An excellent little book is Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's "The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit Them" (Lane). She gives concise information about the date of construction, names of designers, and owners of nearly a hundred gardens, with a brief description of the architectural features. In addition, she tells how each garden can be reached and from whom permits should be procured. A small half-tone accompanies each description. We note one misprint: Poggio Imperiali for Imperiale.

In his monograph on "Paul the First of Russia" (Lippincott), Kazimierz Waliszewski maintains the same tone of gossip that has distinguished his earlier volumes on Russian topics. His point of view is expressed in the following sentences:

Alexander's weakness once more emphasized the great part which personal and apparently accidental factors play in the development of the laws of history. The temperament of the individual and its influence on our destinies are themselves no doubt merely a resultant of the same forces by which the lives of nations are governed, but the principle of these combinations almost entirely eludes analysis and has all the appearance of pure chance (p. 477).

The chapters dealing with court intrigues are lively and entertaining, those on the assassination of the Emperor are masterly; those that sketch the progress of Suvorov's Italian campaign or of Paul's negotiations with France are baffling to the reader: "The principle of these combinations almost entirely eludes analysis, and has all the appearance of pure chance." Writing on the basis of wide reading and careful research in memoirs and archives, Waliszewski has produced a work of scholarly value. His tone is temperate and impartial. Of the unfortunate Paul, whom he regards as hovering on the verge of madness, if not actually a lunatic, he gives a portrait touched by kindliness; without hiding his cruelty and folly, Waliszewski emphasizes certain lovable traits in his character, and some permanent profit that has resulted from his capricious innovations. For the son Alexander, reserved, evasive, respectable, and hypocritical, Waliszewski has scarce a good word; success such as his is even more repugnant than the wretched failure of his father.

In "Scientific Management in Education" (Publishers' Printing Company), Dr. J. M. Rice, then editor of the *Forum*, has brought together a series of pioneer investigations previously reported in the *Forum* during the years 1896-1904. His motive was to discover what could be expected from the schools and how far the curriculum could be extended to include the subjects demanded by "the new school of education" without detriment to the three R's. For this purpose he formulated three tests, or examinations, in spelling, arithmetic, and English composition, respectively, which were given to some hundred thousand pupils in a number of schools in several cities. His discussion of the results is most instructive, in spite of the fact, as it seems to us, that his tests show the usual fatal tendency to reveal mainly the not unexpected or the negative. Thus it appears that good results in teaching are not dependent upon the time given to the subject, not upon home study, not upon method, not upon the social status of the pupil, nor upon the personality of the teacher—though he fails to ask whether personality has a chance to operate under the present organization of the schools. The one fact that emerges positively from his spelling contest is that much of the time given to formal drill in this subject is wasted; and in general the wide divergence of results in different schools, with the absence of any specially favoring conditions in those which ranked high, seems to show that, for the time expended, much more might be accomplished in all the subjects. Yet this only verifies the conclusions of most parents who have undertaken to teach their children at home. And when he suggests that the astonishing differences in different schools revealed by the test in arithmetic were due to the fact that the children were unable to grasp the problems in terms in which they had not

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been specially drilled, he simply states a well-recognized source of exasperation for teachers in all grades, from the kindergarten to the college; state your question a little differently, and your well-trained pupil is at sea. But this only raises the question whether one great trouble with our schools is not that the pupils are merely children.

Yet no skepticism with regard to figures should obscure the fact that Dr. Rice has written a sober and thoughtful book and that his tables are deserving of careful study. His main conclusion (not precisely deducible from the tables) is that the fault lies with the supervision. Within certain limits, the teachers will always produce results of the standard that is demanded. The difficulty is that what may reasonably be demanded no one knows. And the difficulty is to be overcome only by extensive investigations of the kind that he has illustrated. Such investigations should be made by the national Bureau of Education, but for the present the responsibility rests upon the schools themselves. At the same time every school should be a training school for teachers, under the direction of the principals and superintendents. Dr. Rice is no friend of pedagogy, but he holds that teachers should be trained; and he believes that just what the pupils need to make them think, rather than merely acquiesce in set formulas, is frequent questioning (introducing a fresh point of view) by the principal or superintendent. Neither of these proposals seems unreasonable. If our grading of students stands for anything, it ought to be possible to formulate, however roughly, some objective standards. And it seems proper that a superintendent of schools should be a trainer of teachers. Yet in that case he would need to be both a scholar and a master of the art of teaching.

The "Selected Essays of Plutarch" contains some nine pieces from the "Moralia" translated by Prof. T. G. Tucker, of the University of Melbourne. To those who know Plutarch only through the "Lives" we may recommend this volume as an introduction to a storehouse of wisdom and entertaining anecdote. The English of the translation is smooth and pleasant; occasionally it is ingenious, as when in the essay "On Bringing Up a Boy," the play on the words *ēthikas* and *ĕthikas* is thus rendered: "Character is long-standing habit, and it would scarcely be beside the mark to speak of the virtues of the mind as the virtues 'of minding.'" Henry Frowde is the publisher.

"Isles in Summer Seas" (Dillingham), by J. Law Redman, is a breezy account of the journey of a scribe and an artist to Bermuda and their rambles among native 'Mudians, not to speak of fellow-travellers from America. The text, illuminated here and there with legend and history, furnishes a background for a large number of pen-and-ink sketches by J. Hodson Redman, who found a variety of characteristic material in the quaint streets and high-walled gardens of old St. George's, the coralline beaches, and tiny bays and inlets that mark the shore of every island, large and small, in the Bermuda archipelago.

"The Empress Josephine" (Lane), translated from the French of Joseph Turquan, is a continuation of the author's previously published "Wife of General Bonaparte," and, like the earlier volume, portrays her as a most unsuitable kind of a wife for such a man as Napoleon. She never had any influence over his mind, only over his senses; and her sensual influence became less as her rouge and her age became more evident. M. Turquan retails at length in this volume her extravagance in money matters, her spiteful dislike of her husband's brothers and sisters, her utter shallowness of mind, her jealous suspicions, and her floods of tears caused by the Emperor's improper intimacies with other women and by the dreaded spectre of her own divorce. For a brief period in 1804, when she was crowned Empress and when she obtained the Pope's support in persuading Napoleon to go through the forms of a religious marriage with her, she had joyful hopes that she might remain his wife forever. But in the following five years of painful uncertainty her fears and her tears were renewed with increasing frequency. When in 1809 Napoleon finally told her that the divorce was inevitable for reasons of state she made the terrible scene which is familiar from the memoirs of Bausset. M. Turquan rests easily on well-known memoirs and secondary authorities, and adds to our knowledge of this most unfortunate woman little that is new except his own moralizations and imaginings.

Among the writers of fourteenth-century England, some of whom are not always immediate in their appeal to the modern reader, the nameless poet of the West Midlands can be counted on to charm, by reason of his literary artistry and the delicacy of his feeling, those who do not allow themselves to be repulsed by the bristling difficulties of his language. Of his works, "Gawain and the Green Knight," less certainly ascribable to him perhaps, but unquestionably, as it has been called, the gem of Middle English romance, and the "Pearl," from which has been fabricated a prettily pathetic but highly insubstantial biography of the author, have of late years been the occasion of much illuminating scholarship. Less discussed, because perhaps in subject less attractive, are the two Biblical paraphrases "Cleanness" and "Patience." Mr. Hartley Bateson's convenient edition of the latter poem is, therefore, most welcome (Manchester University Press). Besides text, notes, and bibliography, the editor provides a substantial introduction canvassing the whole problem of the poet and his works. Study of the relative chronology of the four poems results in the sensible conclusion, though contrary to the view elaborated by Ten Brink, that the more baldly homiletic and metrically simpler "Patience" and "Cleanness" preceded the more splendid vision and richer cadences of the better-known poems. The dependence of "Patience" on Tertullian's poem of the same subject, "De Jona et de Nineve," is carefully worked out—a fact which accounts for certain Vergilian reminiscences in the poem, but scarcely detracts from the spirited originality of a poet who could describe Jonah entering the huge mouth of the whale as easily "as a mote in at a minster door, so muckle were his chawles (jaws)." Less happy is the discussion of the complicated relations between this poem and "Piers Plowman." We are asked to follow an argument, purporting to demonstrate that "Patience" was influenced by "Langland's" portion of "Piers Plowman," but in turn influenced the work of the A-continuator and the author of the B-version, throughout the course of which no passage is quoted except from the B-version. It is possible, after all, that the resemblances are too slight to be of much probative value. In the bibliography, Weinhardt should be Weichardt, and Schofield's second article on the "Pearl" in Publications of the Modern Language Association ought to be included.

Thomas Allibone Janvier, the author, died last week in New York, aged sixty-three. He was born in Philadelphia in 1849. From 1870 to 1881 he was chiefly occupied with editorial work upon various Philadelphia newspapers; after that he devoted himself to literary work, and his home for most of the time was in New York, with the exception of travels in Mexico, three years in the south of France, and three years in London, and many visits abroad. When Mr. Janvier came to New York, about 1881, to enter definitely upon a literary career, there was something very like a Latin Quarter in the neighborhood of Washington Square. To the south there was a French Quarter, where various simple, old-fashioned French restaurants attracted artists. To the north was an artist colony. There was the old Studio building at No. 58 West Tenth Street, and across the street in a rear courtyard was the house where Edwin A. Abbey, Frank Millet, Hopkinson Smith, William Laffan, and others made the Tile Club famous. To the west was old Greenwich Village. An early result of Janvier's association with such surroundings was the production of his tales of artist life, familiarly known as the "Ivory Black Stories." They appeared in the magazines, and afterwards in his first book, entitled "Color Studies," published in 1885. After Mr. Janvier went to Mexico and the Southwest, he wrote "The Mexican Guide," a romance called "The Aztec Treasure-House," and "Stories of Old New Spain." A few years later, when in southern France, he became a warm friend of Mistral, the Provençal poet, and was made an honorary member of the Felibrige society of poets and men of letters. Mr. Janvier's life in the Midi yielded various magazine articles and stories, among them "An Embassy to Provence" and "The Christmas Kalends of Provence." The attraction which he felt for the past of New York found expression in a book entitled "In Old New York," published in 1894. In 1898 he published "In the Sargasso Sea." His interest in the old was shown again in "The Dutch Founding of New York," published in 1903, and also in his life of Henry Hudson, published in 1909, and in another field in his "Legends of the City of Mexico," published in 1910. His last book was entitled "From the South of France," issued last year.

Judge Thomas Manson Norwood, soldier of the Confederate army and, from 1871 to 1877, U. S. Senator from Georgia, died last week at the age of eighty-three. He wrote several books: "Plutocracy, or American White Slavery," "Mother Goose Carved by a

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Commentator," and "Patriotism, Democracy, or Empire."

The Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy died on Monday at his home in New York. He was born in Fort Smith, Ark., August 31, 1869. He was graduated from the University of the South, at Sewanee, with the class of 1889, and in 1904 received the degree of A.M. from Yale, and in 1911 the degree of D.C.L. from Sewanee. For twelve years he was a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but in 1903 withdrew from the pulpit to engage exclusively in educational and civic work. He became executive secretary of the Southern Educational Board and vice-president of the Conference for Education in the South. In 1908 he was forced to retire on account of ill-health. He was the organizer and secretary of the Southern Society for Consideration of Race Problems and Conditions of the South, which held a national conference at Montgomery, Ala., in 1900. He was also chairman of the Alabama Child Labor Committee. In 1904 Mr. Murphy came North, and by his personal efforts enlisted the interest of philanthropists and others, and as the direct result of his pleading the National Child Labor Committee was organized. He was the author of the following books: "Words for the Church," "The Larger Life," "Problems of the Present South," and "The Basis of Ascendency."

Science

Human Behavior: A First Book in Psychology for Teachers. By S. S. Colvin and W. C. Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Those who write for the audience to which this book is addressed too frequently assume that the ordinary teacher is more learned than he in fact is. This difficulty our authors have avoided. Only the elementary facts of psychology are brought forward, and these are stated simply in short and well-written chapters which bear constant relation to pedagogical demands. Each chapter is followed by a series of questions and exercises.

The title of the book is indicative of a certain tendency of thought among those who are, or who call themselves, psychologists. Many of the younger writers in this field to-day give the impression of being almost ashamed to acknowledge their interest in their subject. Psychic analysis is treated as a somewhat discreditable performance; yet since there can be no psychology without such mental analysis, the attempt is made to mask their efforts in this direction by asserting that "structural psychology" has been discarded in favor of a "functional psychology."

This drift of thought is readily traceable to the somewhat scornful attitude towards introspective analysis assumed by those who have devoted themselves to the so-called "new psychology," which, as now largely taught in our colleges, is really little more than a branch of physiology in which introspective data are found useful to check up objective experiments. As a consequence, some of the most skilful leaders in the realm of psycho-physics have been drawn into other fields more closely related with the objective sciences than with psychology. Interest in Galton's work has led some to devote themselves to statistical anthropology, and even to statistical inquiries pure and simple. Others who have turned to anthropology have later assumed a more decidedly objective position, treating man as akin to the animals, calling their work comparative psychology in the first instance, but finally dubbing themselves "behaviorists"—a term, by the way, which one might think had been devised by some subtle enemy. These workers have indeed developed a new science of behavior which has already yielded, and seems likely to yield still further, valuable results.

The interest in this new branch of science, coupled with the fact that many of those who have developed it hold chairs of psychology in our universities, has emphasized the general tendency. We find the younger psychological writers speaking of psychology as the "science of mental behavior"; and in his lately published "Essentials of Psychology" Professor Pillsbury actually goes so far as to define psychology as the "science of behavior," although he quickly drops what may properly be called the science of behavior and turns to the subjects and methods found in the ordinary psychological textbooks.

It has remained for Prof. John B. Watson, however, to bring the drift of things into clear view. His position at Johns Hopkins University, and his interesting and valuable work as a leader among the "behaviorists," gives his word especial weight. In a recent article (*Psychological Review*, March, 1913) he boldly asserts that "the time seems to have come when psychology must discard all reference to consciousness." "I believe," he says, "we can write a psychology, define it as Pillsbury does, and never go back upon our definition, never use the terms consciousness, mental states, mind, content, introspectively verifiable, imagery, and the like." Such statements from a man of so authoritative a position must lead psychologists to consider the direction in which they are drifting. No one can hesitate to admit the value of the new science of behavior, a science which is quite independent of analogical interpretations in terms of human consciousness. But why call this psychology? Why give the impression that it is psychology by having it taught, as such, by professors of psychology in our leading universities? If the science of behavior is to yield its best results, its devotees must assume the purely objective attitude taken by the professed zoölogist, and must treat human behavior in exactly the same objective manner in which they treat the functioning of animals; in other words, psychology may best be left altogether to one side in studying behavior. This argument does not mean that behavior is wanting in significance in relation to consciousness; it does remind us, however, that psychology as such necessarily involves the study of our mental states. The relations of these conscious states to their correspondents in behavior are of the utmost significance to a just conception of life, but the full study of these relations is within the broader field of philosophical discourse; beyond both the subjective field of psychology, strictly speaking, and the objective field sought to be covered by the science of behavior.

"A Reader of Scientific and Technical Spanish," with vocabulary and notes by Lieut.-Col. C. de W. Willcox, is promised for July by Sturgis & Walton.

O. F. Hudson's "Iron and Steel" is a brief treatise, with a section on "Corrosion" by Guy D. Bengough. The purpose is to present in as short a manner as possible the more important principles. Practical details of the methods of production are for the most part avoided; so that more attention is given to such subjects as an explanation of the constitution of steel and cast iron, and the effect of mechanical and heat treatment on the properties of these alloys. The book should be found useful by the engineer and student of metallurgy. It forms a good introductory textbook to the standard treatises of Turner, Harbord, Stoughton, Howe, and Campbell. It belongs to Van Nostrand's series of "Outlines of Industrial Chemistry."

Dr. Frank Hartley died last Friday at his home in New York. He was fifty-seven years old. Dr. Hartley was the originator of the intercranial method for the cure of trigeminal neuralgia, and made many other important contributions to surgery. From 1900 until his death he was professor of clinical surgery and instrumental operative surgery at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was born at Washington in 1856, and graduated from Princeton in 1877, receiving his degree of master of arts two years later. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1880, and studied at the University of Vienna from 1882 to 1884. Princeton conferred the degree of doctor of laws on him in 1909.

The death of Sir Jonathan Hutchinson was announced in London on Monday. He was born in 1828, and was educated at Selby. He studied also at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and in time became one of the foremost physicians in Great Britain, being regarded as an authority on leprosy. He was president of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1889 and 1890, and a member of two royal commissions, one dealing with smallpox hospitals, the other with vaccination. Sir Jonathan was the author of several books on medical subjects, one of which was "Fish-eating

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and Leprosy," his contention being that that disease was often caused by eating bad fish.

Drama

Court Masques of James I. By Mary Sullivan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book comprises an account of certain external conditions touching the masque within the reign of King James. It includes by way of illustration some matters both earlier and later. It is concerned neither with the nature, the origin, nor the character of the masque. Authorship is a matter incidental and the texts of the masques themselves have yielded the author the least of her material. Her sources, extensively studied and spread out for the reader's examination, are the court records of the time, the calendars of state papers, domestic and foreign, and the correspondence especially of contemporary ambassadors, French and other, at the Court of St. James's. Recent scholarship has been particularly active in the study of the English masque. There is Evans's "English Masques," 1897; Brotanek's thorough study, "Die englischen Maskenspiele," 1902, and now Reyher's "Les Masques anglais," 1909, to say nothing of earlier single dissertations like that of Soergel, Halle, 1882, and the treatment of the subject in general histories of the drama, such as Ward, Creizenach, and Schelling. The special studies Miss Sullivan mentions; she does not use them. While it is substantially true that scholarship in English, as in other subjects, has wasted much of its effort on the discovery of former error, this process is inextricably interwoven with the discovery of former truth, the neglect of which no amount of turning up of novel material can justify.

However, we can see no possible objection to a presentation of the masques of King James as Sir Dudley Carleton, a flippant and gossiping courtier, saw them, or as an intriguing French ambassador imagined them, provided we are not misled as to facts by the characters of our witnesses.

There is a great deal of interesting matter in this book, and the details of the fencing and manœuvring for invitation and place between the ambassador of his "most Catholic Majesty" and his "most Christian Majesty" (which terms Miss Sullivan obligingly explains to the unhistorical reader), rise at times to a level which, considering the altitude of those august personages, we cannot but designate high comedy. The trouble was one of precedent: Spain could not yield to France, France would not yield to Spain. The Flemings could not abide the precedence in place of the Venetians, the Venetians must outrank the Savoyards. Those were troublous times for court officials and gentlemen of ceremony, for all must be placated: The Russian embassy stayed away from one masque because the Emperor's representatives could give precedence to no man. The French ambassador on another occasion refused to attend a second representation of a masque because "his stomach would not suffer him to eat cold meat"; another French ambassador was recalled by Henry IV because of a preference in an invitation to a masque shown his Spanish rival. These facts, together with the difficulties of the royal council and the King himself because of them, are not to be disputed; nor is it to be denied that the favor shown an ambassador was often indicative of the *rapprochement* of the two countries concerned. But this is a very different thing from accepting the author's thesis that "a masque was a diplomatic function" employed to "advertise" and exploit the success of the reign, and that its subject and treatment were dependent mainly on political considerations.

Several things seem to have conspired in this book to bring about these unsafe generalizations. First, the witnesses as to the masque are mainly of one kind: foreign correspondents who were on the lookout for political significances, and courtiers who could see, to use an Elizabethan phrase, almost equally far into a millstone. Again, the author blinks both the place of the Jacobean masque in the long history of royal entertainments, lost as to origins in mediæval times, and the actual relations of the masque to the drama. For example, she is troubled, in view of the part taken by noble women in what she calls "the private theatricals in the court," to explain why "Shakespeare and his fellows who watched and acted with such actresses, [could] be pleased with a boy's interpretation of an Imogen, a Portia, or a Juliet?" The answer is obvious to the student of our old drama. No lady of the court was an actress or recited a word in play or masque until we come to Queen Henrietta Maria's unfortunate effort to learn English by means of Walter Montague's tedious pastoral play, "The Shepherd's Paradise," in 1633. As to masques, it is perfectly well known that ladies and gentlemen of the court dressed in character, learned certain postures, evolutions, and dances. That was all. Public actors were employed in the masques, but never in company with the noble masquers. It may be surmised that the independent development of the antimasque, which was acted by professionals, arose out of this separation. The suggestion that Shakespeare "acted with such actresses" or even "watched" them (a circumstance possible, but unproved) is absolutely gratuitous and the kind of misleading surmise that unsteadies the half-informed. Once more, in substantiating the "influence [of the masque] upon literature," Miss Sullivan cites (p. 177) a well-known letter of the Venetian ambassador concerning the "mockery" of a Catholic churchman on the stage. The passage is too long to quote here, but any reader of so universally known a production as Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" will recognize the description at once, note that the correspondent has missed the point, and recall that "The Duchess of Malfi" is as much a masque as "Hamlet."

There remains a more serious question in connection with this book; we shall call it the question of labels. The cover adds to the title "Court Masques of James I" the words, "their influence on Shakespeare and the Public Theatres" and this "description":

> The author establishes Shakespeare's connection not only as a private "Groom of the King's Chamber" and one of the company of the King's own players, but as an important instrument in entertainments prepared for the reception of kings, queens, and their ambassadors under stress of peculiarly delicate diplomatic complications. Interesting reading concerning kings and queens of Shakespeare's day is afforded, and yet every statement supported from original documents. The volume does away forever with the old story of Shakespeare and his fellows being ranked as "rogues and vagabonds."

Few unacquainted with history could avoid being misled by such statements. As a matter of fact, this book contains neither an account of the influence of the masque on the public theatres nor on Shakespeare. Moreover, Miss Sullivan has really "established" none of the things claimed in her "label." We have known since Shakespeare's time that he was a member of the King's company: the information is on the titles of some of his plays. We have known since the publication of a note by Mrs. Stopes in the *Athenæum*, March 12, 1910, that Philips and Heming with ten of their fellows were paid "to wait and attend on his Majesty's service at Somerset House for eighteen days of August, 1604." Shakespeare may have been among them. They were doubtless retained professionally to give a play (not a masque) when the negotiations were complete. But this is a very different matter from the statement of the "description" or the "label" under a well-known picture of these very ambassadors in conclave which Miss Sullivan uses for a frontispiece of her book and calls "ambassadors whom Shakespeare was paid by the state to entertain." We know, and have long known, that the royal players received allowances for liveries, and that the companies were retained on other occasions to act before the King. But we also know—what Miss Sullivan may also know but does not state—that there is absolutely no word

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of evidence to show that Shakespeare was ever called in to devise a single scene in any one of the royal masques, and that to make him "an important instrument in the entertainment of kings, queens, and their ambassadors" is romancing without labelling the book "romance."

"Cymbeline," the eighteenth volume of the New Variorum edition of Shakespeare, is now in the press. The work was completed before Dr. Furness's death. It will be brought out by Lippincott early in the summer.

Edward Vroom, who received his early stage training with Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska, and learned the almost forgotten art of delivering blank verse, and has been well trained in the methods of the romantic drama, will be the stage director and leading actor of the Dramatic Art Society of Boston, just formed. It is proposed to start the movement with a series of six productions, beginning with revivals of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," to be followed by "The Fortunes of Ronsac," a heroic comedy of the Richelieu period, first produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and new to America, and "The Luck of MacGregor," a Colonial military play, first produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, and new to Boston.

Music

Two new short operas by Dohnanyi have been performed in Berlin-Charlottenburg. One of them, "The Veil of Pierrette," achieved a success; the other, "Tante Simonia," was criticised adversely because the music was too heavy for the frivolous nature of the libretto.

A new American symphony, by Edgar Stillman Kelley, had its first performance last week at Carl Stoeckel's Norfolk Music Festival. It was played by musicians selected from the best New York orchestras. The composer himself conducted. The symphony is entitled "New England," and the composer writes in regard to it:

I endeavored to express one phase—and certainly an important one—of American thought, the Puritan pioneer's ideal. Of course, each American must give voice to the sentiment of his own branch, racial, religious, etc., and mine being thoroughly of the New England cast, on both sides of the house, I have sought to embody in this work something of the experiences, ambitions, and aspirations of my ancestors. The four movements are preceded by mottoes from the log book of the Mayflower, and some of the material is as American as one could wish. The slow movements consist of variations on a grand old choral written in New England a century ago; the number corresponding to a scherzo is built upon themes of New England birds treated symphonically.

No one has done more to encourage American composers than Mr. Stoeckel. Among the works specially written for his Norfolk festivals (all the expenses of which he bears, no tickets being sold) are: "King Gorm, the Grim," a ballad for chorus and orchestra, by Horatio Parker (1908); "Noël, a Christmas Pastoral," for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by George W. Chadwick (1909); "The Bamboula," a rhapsodic dance founded on a West Indian air, by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1910); Henry K. Hadley's Fourth Symphony (North, East, South, West), and "Collegiate Overture," for male chorus and orchestra, by Horatio Parker (1911); "Aphrodite," a symphonic fantasie for orchestra, by George W. Chadwick, and two works by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, "A Tale of Old Japan," for soli, chorus, and orchestra, and a concerto for violin and orchestra (1912); the Kelley Symphony, just described, and another novelty of this year's concerts, a "Negro Rhapsody," by Henry Gilbert. This piece, also, which is founded on a negro "shont," was conducted by its composer.

When Siegfried Wagner was asked to contribute an article on the Wagner centenary to the London *Daily News*, he replied: "I prefer to be silent on this occasion. We have our reasons, the same reasons for which we do not play this year at our Festspielhaus in Bayreuth." What are those reasons? Are Siegfried and Cosima Wagner out of humor because all their efforts to save the "Parsifal" monopoly for Bayreuth have failed? Evidently, "Parsifal" next year will be common. In Paris alone, three theatres are preparing to perform it.

Giovanni Sgambati, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in Rome on May 18, is one of the very few Italian composers of note who preferred the concert stage to the opera house. He owed his prominence early in his career to Liszt, who assisted him in various ways, as he did so many other talented young men. Subsequently, Wagner became interested in him, and it was on Wagner's recommendation that the publisher, Schott, of Mainz, printed some of his most important works, including two symphonies, a piano concerto, two quintets, two quartets, and many pieces for the piano. Sgambati was the first to produce in Italy Liszt's "Dante" symphony, which Wagner called "divine."

Leonardo da Vinci is the hero of an opera recently produced at the Imperial Opera House at Warsaw. Its title is "Medusa," and its composer the Polish musician, Ludomar von Pozycki. The libretto deals with a love episode in the artist's life, and there is a scene in which he paints Mona Lisa. Several German opera houses have already arranged to produced this novelty.

In no country is less attention paid to oratorios than in Italy. The Milanese were, however, greatly edified by two performances of Bach's St. Matthew's Passion and Brahms's "German Requiem," recently given for them by the Berlin Singakademie and Philharmonic Orchestra. Turin and Bologna also heard this combination in the same choral works.

Alexander von Bandrowski, the Polish tenor, is dead in Cracow, after a short illness, aged fifty-three. He was known to the New York public through his appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House in the title rôle of Ignace Paderewski's opera "Manru" about ten years ago. It was at the request of the composer that Maurice Grau brought Mr. von Bandrowski to this country, as he had first sung the rôle of the gypsy hero in Cracow, Lemberg, Zurich, and Cologne. He appeared only in this opera and in one represenation of "Lohengrin."

Ingeborg Bronsart von Schellendorff, a woman composer of Germany, is dead in Munich at the age of seventy-three. She was born in St. Petersburg, and studied piano with Liszt, Martinoff, and Henselt. In addition to compositions for the piano, she composed three operas, of which one, entitled "Hiarne," was frequently sung in Germany.

Art

A History of Painting in Northern Italy, from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Tancred Borenius, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 3 vols. Illustrated.

It is forty-two years since the indefatigable partners, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, published their survey of painting in Northern Italy. The work lacked the consistency of their more famous "History of Painting in Central Italy," but in some ways was even more valuable. It was the first comprehensive treatment of a subject which had been neglected or relegated to the local historians. The authors were the first to trace the main lines of development from Mantegna, Giambellino, Titian, Giorgione, and Palma. In particular, they were the first to subject the legend of Giorgione to rational sifting. The defects of the book were a certain condescension or positive scorn of some charming primitive artists. The delightful Borgognone receives scant recognition, the bewitching Stefano da Zevio is actually flouted. Self-imposed limitations were the omission of the Piedmont school, and that of Nice. At times the authors were overmastered by sheer bulk of material. Minor artists, like G. A. Pordenone and Pellegrino da San Daniele, were treated with inordinate breadth. Still, as a scholar's manual, the book was of extraordinary richness, compact with information, and, despite the numerous special researches of the contributors to the *Rassegna d'Arte* and Mr. Berenson's and Dr. Gronau's comprehensive surveys, Crowe and Cavalcaselle has kept its place at the elbow of every serious student of Northern Italian painting.

But aside from the usual copyright considerations, the time for a revision had come. For ten years past Italian, English, and German scholars have been working steadily in this field. That the time was ripe for a summary of results is shown in the simultaneous appearance of Dr. Borenius's revision of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Dr. Toesca's "La Pittura e la Miniatura Lombarda." These works in many respects supplement each other. Toesca's book is especially full on the earliest Lombard paint-

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ing and on miniatures, treating as well the subject of Transalpine influence in Northern Italy—topics omitted or handled very summarily by Dr. Borenius. The new editor of Crowe and Cavalcaselle is a young scholar who has distinguished himself by broad and exact researches into the painting of the Vincenza school. In general, he has acquitted himself well of the task of revision. He has left the original text intact, merely changing gallery numbers, etc., when necessary, and his own additional notes are succinct and clearly marked. His additions swell the original two volumes to three, which, considering the enormous increment of special literature and discovery, is very moderate.

Well conceived as is the general scheme of revision, there are necessarily many slips in detail. As usual, knowledge of American collections would have added many important pictures to the lists. For example, Mr. John G. Johnson, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Harry Payne Whitney own good Costas. Mr. D. F. Platt has a Viti; the estate of Charles Eliot Norton a fine Bartolommeo Veneto. Mr. Johnson's collection would, among many, furnish examples of Basaiti, Cima, Lotto, Palma, Romanino, and Tura. Such addenda could be carried much further did space permit. Obviously, it is imperative either that the more important works by old masters in America should be adequately published, or that all European editors of comprehensive books on art should include in their preparation a trip to America. Other oversights are less explicable. Concerning the Giorgione Judith at St. Petersburg, nothing is said either of the cutting down of the picture nor of the print that gives its original dimensions. Under Giorgione generally a full registration of the ascriptions of Cook and Justi would have been useful. It is odd to write of Timoteo delle Viti without mentioning Morelli's famous theory that he was Raphael's first master.

But on the whole, Dr. Borenius has kept a sure and steady hand. By turning to such notes as those on Amico Aspertini and Antonio Pisano (Pisanello), one may realize how much new matter has been packed into little space throughout the volumes. Almost invariably one will commend the editor's judgment as to the substance and scale of the annotation, compared with which positive merit occasional slips are negligible. For this revived Crowe and Cavalcaselle a long and useful life may confidently be predicted.

"The Guild of the Garden Lovers" (Dutton) is a book of English amateur gardening cast in an unusual form. The "guild" is a group of Englishwomen, old friends, who decide, as it were, to "pool" their skill at gardening. The book is made up of conversations, letters, and little essays exchanged among the garden lovers. Special problems of gardening—the treatment of certain plots of ground according to special circumstances; the proper grouping of perennials so as to secure the greatest harmony of colors and a constant succession of bloom; scented gardens, wild plant borders—these are the kinds of themes dealt with informally in these pages. It is a book for those who have passed the first stages of flower-growing and have become interested in the subtler questions which belong to gardening as a fine art. There are a good many photographs, which are as unsatisfactory as photographs usually are in the attempt to give an idea of the confined and interwoven beauties of flowers in a garden.

Finance

WHEN WE "MOVE THE CROPS."

Two incidents of last week—the tightening of certain European money markets and the somewhat remarkable statement of the country's foreign trade for May—directed attention sharply to one factor that will be important for the next few months. That factor is our actual position on international exchange; which would include the questions, how far our markets are dependent on Europe for obtaining credit on a substantial scale, and what the prospects are of our getting such facilities (if they are needed for the moving of our crops) between now and the end of the year. The problem is of singular importance, because of the seeming unwillingness or inability of Europe's markets to undertake burdens which they usually accept as a matter of course. Can we, or can we not, obtain such facilities from Europe?

First, as to the "visible" international position, shown by our trade in merchandise with the outside world. It is most unusual. Last month, our exports ran $19,200,000 beyond the highest previous May record. Partly because of the impending change in tariff duties, imports decreased $22,000,000 from 1912, and, as a result, the excess of exports over imports went beyond all precedent for the month.

This, to be sure, is only one month's showing. But the eleven completed months of the fiscal year are equally remarkable. Our merchandise exports for the period were $236,000,000 above those of the same months in the year before, while imports increased only $159,000,000. Excess of exports runs far beyond all precedent, except for the two noteworthy years 1908 and 1901. As compared with a fiscal year as recent as 1911, the eleven months' "export excess" is greater by $431,000,000.

These are large figures; but, as even the schoolboys know, a "merchandise export surplus" of $621,000,000 for eleven months is offset by some important debit items, and is surrounded by perpetual controversy as to how far a "merchandise trade balance" is wiped out by annual interest dues to foreign investors, by freight payments to foreign ships, by expenditure of our citizens in foreign lands, and so on. If all these items were to be footed up, there would still remain the powerful influence of purchases or sales of one nation's stocks and bonds by the markets of another state.

It is a most obscure and difficult problem to work out; it can never be satisfactorily determined. The worst thing of all about it is that the man who undertakes to solve it, out-of-hand, will presently be lost in the fog and begin to talk absurdities—which range all the way from assurances that New York has a thousand million dollars' credit, placed in Europe and subject to instantaneous recall (the favorite theory of 1901), to warnings that our annual net obligations to the outside world are half a billion dollars, which Europe, in its own good pleasure, could withdraw from here in gold.

The truth is that in this complicated matter there is only one firm rock to stand on. Comparison of one year with another, all surrounding circumstances being allowed for, will show whether our position on international exchange is worse or better than the average; for the country has certainly continued to flourish in the average years. The course of the sterling market will usually help to settle the uncertainty. This season's exchange rate—which, in spite of the urgent demands for capital or gold by Europe, has ruled steadily at par or in this country's favor—testifies to a strong position. The foreign trade comparisons speak for themselves; the only remaining question being, how far the "export excess" has been or is to be offset by unusually heavy resale of American securities to us by Europe.

There would still be left for consideration the question of "drawing on Europe next autumn to move the crops." Supposing, for the sake of argument, that we ordinarily borrow for that purpose $100,000,000—to take a purely arbitrary figure—shall we get it or not? If we are able to command it, how will Europe's money markets be affected? If not, then what will be the sequel on our own?

The reasonable probability is that we shall "draw on Europe" for commercial purposes, during the coming season, much as we usually do. In an operation of the sort, the United States occupies towards London much the same position as a merchant borrowing to provide for a season's ordinary trade occupies towards his bank. It is the

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business of the bank, and it is the business of financial Europe, to hold itself ready for such loans.

Indeed, the case is stronger as regards our commercial borrowings from Europe; for those loans are made by a customer as well as a creditor. Europe must buy, within the period from which its advances of capital run, the grain and cotton which the proceeds of the loans will be used to move. What the foreign banks lend to us for the purpose, in August, September, and October, will obviously go towards paying for the agricultural products which the foreign markets import from us in the later autumn. If such payment is not made at one time, it must be made at another, and in either case the European markets must provide the capital.

As to how the earlier "drafts on Europe" would affect these foreign markets in their own affairs, that, too, must be judged by the fact that the operation is of a normal routine character. The coming performance of which must have been kept in view for months beforehand. Without these usual advances of foreign capital, we should presumably have to face very tight money in this country at the end of summer. With the advances granted, we may discover later on that the money situation is, by autumn, much less formidable than any one had imagined.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barr, A. E. All the Days of My Life: An Autobiography. D. Appleton. $3.50 net.
Bates, W. O. Jacob Leisler: A Play of Old New York. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Birmingham, G. A. The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. Doran. $1.20 net.
Blackmore's Lorna Doone. (World's Classics.) Frowde.
Book of Ballads for Boys and Girls. Selected by J. C. Smith and G. Soutar. Frowde.
Brisco, N. A. Economics of Business. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Burnam, J. M. Palæographia Iberica: Fac-Similés de Manuscrits Espagnols et Portugais (ixe-xve siècles). Paris: Champion.
Canby, H. S., and Opdycke, J. B. Elements of Composition for Secondary Schools. Macmillan.
Cato-Varro. Roman Farm Management: Treatises done into English, with Notes of Modern Instances. Macmillan. $2 net.
Columbia University General Catalogue—1754-1912.
Dixon, Thomas. The Southerner: A Romance of the Real Lincoln. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Eliot's Felix Holt, the Radical. (World's Classics.) Frowde.
Elliot, D. G. A Review of the Primates. 3 vols. American Museum of Natural History.
Ferrer, Francisco. Origin and Ideals of the Modern School. Trans. by J. McCabe. Putnam. $1 net.
Gill, C. O., and Pinchot, G. The Country Church: The Decline of its Influence and the Remedy. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Greenwood, A. D. Horace Walpole's World. Macmillan. $4.25 net.
Harper, M. W. Animal Husbandry for Schools. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Haskin, F. J. The Immigrant. Revell. $1.25 net.
Hedin, Sven. Trans-Himalayan. Vol. III. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
Ivor-Parry, Edith. In the Garden of Childhood. Dutton. $1 net.
Lippmann, Walter. A Preface to Politics. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Loeb, Leo. The Venom of Heloderma. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Lukach, H. C. The Fringe of the East. Macmillan. $4 net.
Lytton's Last of the Barons. Oxford Ed. of Standard Authors. Frowde.
Marsh, C. D. Fresh-Water Copepoda from Panama. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Milton, John. Poems. (World's Classics, Pocket edition.) Frowde.
Orczy, Baroness. El Dorado. Doran. $1.35 net.
Pearson, H. G. James S. Wadsworth of Geneseo. Scribner.
Perry, W. S. With Azir Girges in Egypt. Boston: Atkinson, Mentzer & Co. 40 cents.
Poore, H. R. The Conception of Art. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Prokosch, Eduard. German for Beginners. Holt. $1.
Rice, Cale Young. Works. 10 vols. Doubleday, Page.
Rice, G. G. My Adventures with Your Money. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Ruppin, Arthur. The Jews of To-day. Trans. from the German. Holt. $1.75 net.
Simkhovitch, V. G. Marxism versus Socialism. Holt. $1.50 net.
Sommerville, Frankfort. The Spirit of Paris. Macmillan.
Stebbing, W. Five Centuries of English Verse. 2 vols. Revised edition of "The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson Impressions." Frowde.
Stetson, A. E. Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence. Putnam.
Van Kleeck, Mary. Artificial Flower Makers. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50.
Webster, Hutton. Ancient History. Boston: Heath. $1.50.
Wriothesley, William. The Ambassadress. Doran. $1.25 net.

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